The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* June *will be noticed in the* July *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th July, *in the* August *number.*

Special Notice.—*Vol. I. of* The Bookman *is now ready, price 4s., handsomely bound. As only a few copies are available, early application is necessary. The publishers reserve the right of raising the price. Cases for binding price 1s., can also be had.*

NEWS NOTES.

We beg to direct attention to the award of the Young Author's Prize on page 93, and also to the offer of new prizes.

The depression that has overshadowed the bookselling trade since last winter appears from the spring publishing season to be steadily passing away, and brighter and better times are evidently advancing.

There have been issued during the past two months nearly 200 more new books and new editions than were published in the corresponding period of last year. This, from the publisher's point of view, is a very healthy sign, and it will no doubt have its effect on the trade generally.

It is stated that of the cheap edition of 'David Grieve' 11,000 copies were sold before publication, and of Kipling's 'Barrack Room Ballads' a first edition of 5,000 was exhausted upon the day of publication.

Mr. Comyns Carr has made considerable progress with his version of the Arthurian Legend for the Lyceum. The play, we understand, will be in verse, and Mr. Carr proposes to deal freely with the legend, not adapting any of the old versions of the story, still less adhering to Lord Tennyson's version, but weaving into the tradition such incidents as will fit it for dramatic purposes, and interpenetrating it with his own views of its allegorical significance. Mr. Carr is a writer who has never yet done justice to his powers, and here at last he has a worthy subject.

The brilliant attack in the current *Quarterly* on Mrs. Ward, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Shorthouse, is attributed to Father Barry, the author of the 'New Antigone.'

The death of Mr. Osgood, the publisher, is much regretted. It was not expected, for till very near the end Mr. Osgood hoped he had mastered the severe attack of bronchitis from which he suffered. Alike in his American career and in his brief but most honourable career as a London publisher, Mr. Osgood secured universal respect and goodwill. The business of the English firm is now in the hands of Mr. Osgood's very able young partner, Mr. McIlvaine, and it may confidently be expected that in his hands the reputation it has already secured for taste, judgment, and enterprise will be maintained.

Mr. E. W. Hornung has completed a new romance, the scene of which is partly laid in Australia. It is longer than 'A Bride from the Bush,' and aims at a more subtle delineation of character.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson's 'History of Samoa' will be published by Messrs. Scribner in New York very shortly. Mr. Stevenson's 'Letters from the South Seas' have been, perhaps, the least successful of his writings, as is sufficiently shown by the fact that, out of thirty-five letters purchased by our able contemporary *Black and White*, only twenty-eight have been published.

Mr. Stevenson's 'The Wrecker,' on which, as it has appeared in *Scribner*, there has been considerable conflict of opinion, will be published in this country by Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. P. W. Clayden's 'England under the Coalition' is completed, and will be issued in a week or two. It is a history of the acts and deeds of the present Administration, a sequel to Mr. Clayden's previous histories of 'England under Lord Beaconsfield' and 'England under Mr. Gladstone.' As the acting editor of the *Daily News*, Mr. Clayden necessarily has an intimate knowledge of politics, and his book should contain materials *pour servir*—both the historian of the future and the Liberal candidate of the present.

We hear that Messrs. W. B. Yeats and Ellis are engaged in collaboration upon a "Blake" volume, in which the meaning of obscure passages will be given, and which it is believed will throw a great deal of light upon Blake's work.

"Austin Fryers," the author of 'Rosmer of Rosmersholm' and of the play 'Beata,' which has been running at the Globe Theatre, is the *nom de plume* of a Mr. Cleary, who, like Messrs. Buxton Forman, Wyville Home, J. H. Ingram, and A. B. Walkley, holds an engagement at the Post Office.

The *Queen* has purchased Mr. James Payn's story, 'The Sizar.' The American rights of the story were to be in the hands of the late Mr. Balestier, but we believe it has now been arranged that Messrs. Appleton are to be the American publishers.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston, will issue on the 23rd June, simultaneously with its appearance in this country, Mr. Walter Crane's 'The Claims of Decorative Art.'

Mr. Besant's book on London will be issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in September, and will contain about a half more matter than appeared in *Harper's Magazine.*

By the death of Mrs. Orme a link connecting us with bygone literary circles has been snapped. She had known in her time an unusual number of distinguished persons, many of whom were not mere acquaintances of the *salon*, but close and intimate friends. In her childhood she knew Ruskin, who was a pupil of her father, Dr. Edward Andrews, and during her father's lifetime—he died in 1842—she constantly saw Samuel Wesley, Jacobs and Nathan, the musicians, Laman Blanchard and all his literary circle, including Douglas Jerrold and Thackeray, the latter quite unknown in those days. Blanchard's lines "On the Death of an Eloquent Preacher" were addressed to her father. To Thackeray her conversational powers and her bright, vivacious wit, very unusual in an Englishwoman, was a great delight.

At her home in St. John's Wood, mainly through her son-in-law, Professor Masson, she knew intimately all the Italian refugees, Mazzini, Saffi, Ruffini, and their English sympathisers, Mr. Stansfeld and the late Mr. P. A. Taylor, etc. The pre-Raphaelite artists, Woolner, Holman Hunt, F. G. Stephens, William and Gabriel Rossetti, were her very frequent visitors, and had her sympathetic appreciation.

Emerson was among her friends, so were the Tennyson family (a special affection existed between her and the Laureate's mother), William Allingham, and Coventry Patmore, of course, who married her sister. She was an enthusiastic admirer of Swinburne. Herbert Spencer was an old and very intimate friend. Of the younger scientific men, like the late W. K. Clifford, she saw a great deal during the nine years that her son-in-law, Dr. Charlton Bastian, lived in the same house.

The patriots in Karl Blind's circle, notably Louis Blanc, were known to her. In fact, her closest and most permanent friends were nearly all, in one direction or another, reformers.

She saw a great deal of Carlyle in his later years, and for a long time visited the lonely house in Chelsea week after week, sometimes taking a congenial friend to see him. The roughness that was characteristic of his intercourse with many people was never shown to her, to whom he was always sympathetic and courteous. Her reverence for genius was great, and so were her tact and experience in dealing with all kinds of tempers.

There were uncommon literary and musical capabilities in Mrs. Orme, but she had an unconquerable dislike to publishing. Her songs, and the airs for them, were composed for the enjoyment of herself and her family. A poem or two of hers might doubtless be unearthed from old numbers of the *Examiner* and *Macmillan's Magazine*, but they are all unsigned. She used to say that her first idea that she could write anything worth remembering came to her when her father quoted, in one of his eloquent extemporaneous sermons, a verse of a poem she had written on a scrap of paper and left about. She was in the organ-loft at the time and was glad to be hidden behind the red curtain.

Mrs. Orme, though her health in late years forced her to lead a somewhat retired life, never lost her sparkling wit, nor her keen interest in literature and public questions, and the hopes and difficulties of a new generation had ever her generous sympathy.

Mr. Baring Gould's new story is to be published in the *Cornhill.* The title will be 'Curgeven of Curgeven.'

Mr. Henry Savage Landor, the grandson of Walter Savage Landor, who is an artist by profession, has been travelling in the Kurile Islands, which are situated to the north of Japan, and which we believe have not yet been "done" either by pen or pencil. Mr. Landor, who is quite a young man, spent five months (from June to November) in the Kuriles, travelling alone from place to place, and living among the natives. He has written an account of his travels, which he intends publishing, and has taken many exceedingly interesting sketches of the country and its inhabitants. Mr. Landor is at present residing in town, and has some very interesting portraits of his own painting in his studio—Sir Edwin Arnold and Sir Henry Parke among others.

The American rights of Mr. J. E. Muddock's new story 'Robin Hood and Maid Marian,' which Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly publish, have been purchased by Mr. Lippincott, the head of the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia, who has been staying in London lately. Mr. Lippincott was the guest of the "Odd Volumes" at their May dinner, when he was introduced to the company as "the publisher who was daring enough to publish 'The Picture of Dorian Gray.'" He returned to America on May the 21st.

A Woodbridge correspondent sends us some interesting reminiscences of the late Edward Fitzgerald, taken from Mrs. Howe, his housekeeper for fifteen years. Mrs. Howe is now in her eighty-fifth year, but has a vivid and affectionate remembrance of her old master. "No man could possibly be more generous to the poor. No poor person was ever turned away from Little Grange, and if in the streets he met any one who looked poverty-stricken and in distress, he used to secretly slip money into their hand as he

passed, not altering his walk, or thinking of stopping to receive thanks. He did not go to church during the fifteen years she was there, but she knew him to be a truly good man."

"She remembered when Tennyson came to call she put him in the study and asked his name. He pointed to a photograph of himself on the table, and said that was his, didn't she know his name? She said, 'Excuse me, sir, I know it's the photograph of a friend of master's, but the name has really slipped my memory.' He then pointed to a larger portrait of himself on the wall, but the old lady was no wiser; she did not know his name; and he had to tell it himself."

"In 1871 E. F. told her that he only gave himself two more years in this world. Before he paid that last visit to Mr. Crabbe's he went into the kitchen to say good-bye to her. She said, 'You won't be long, sir.' He said, 'No, I shall be back on Wednesday.' On the Tuesday he was buried."

It was announced recently in THE BOOKMAN that Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden, and Co. were about to issue a cheap edition of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's 'Dead Man's Diary;' and such was the intention of that firm, but as there is still a brisk demand for the 3s. 6d. edition, of which, by the by, not a single copy remains in stock, the publishers have decided to issue instead a new library edition (the fourth), in an entirely new binding and with a portrait of the author.

Messrs. Griffith and Farran are about to issue a new edition of the novels of Mrs. George Linnæus Banks, commencing with the Wiltshire story entitled 'Glory.' Mrs. Banks, who is 71 years of age, lives at Hackney with her daughter, and continues her literary activity. She is now, indeed, engaged in writing a new novel.

The volume entitled 'A Riverside Visitor: the Pinch of Poverty,' which has been recently published by Messrs. Isbister and Co., is not, as has been inferred by some critics, the work of a lady. The name of the author is Mr. Wright, who is an engineer, and who has already published a volume entitled 'Our New Masters.' The papers composing 'A Riverside Visitor' appeared first in the pages of the *Sunday Magazine*.

We understand that the proprietors of the *Strand Magazine* have arranged with 'Dick Donovan,' the author of several volumes of detective stories which have been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus and have had a very large sale, for a series of detective stories to follow Dr. Conan Doyle's 'Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.' The new series will appear under the title of 'Romances from a Detective's Notebook,' and will commence in July. 'Dick Donovan' is the pseudonym of a successful and well-known novelist.

The volume of stories entitled 'Strange Tales of a Nihilist,' to which allusion was made in the May BOOKMAN, has been purchased by Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden, and Co., and will be issued almost immediately. The author is Mr. W. Le Queux, of the editorial staff of the *Globe*.

Miss Ida Lemon, the author of "A Divided Duty," has ready for publication a new novel entitled 'The Mists.'

Mr. Barry Pain will have another volume of stories ready for publication in the autumn.

Baron Tauchnitz has succeeded in securing for his series two of the most popular among recent books of fiction, 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' and 'The History of David Grieve.'

To the "English Library" has been added a selection o poems by Mr. Austin Dobson.

Dr. Conan Doyle, who is a resident of Norwood, is to be the next President of the Literary Institute there. We believe he is to write a series of short stories for the *Idler*, to which, as in 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,' a central character will give a certain continuity.

Mrs. Hugh Bell, whose name has lately been appearing a good deal before the public as a playwright of some merit, and as the adapter of 'Karin,' by Alfhild Agrell, is the author of several children's stories, and the wife of a well-known Yorkshire iron-master. Mr. Hugh Bell is the son of Sir Lothian Bell.

A correspondent points out that in one of our early issues an error was made in ascribing to the Marchioness of Dufferin the authorship of 'Lispings from Low Latitudes.' That book came from the pen of the late Lady Dufferin, Lord Dufferin's mother—in her later years Countess of Gifford. She was one of the three gifted and beautiful sisters whose charm, genius, and beauty were unsurpassed—if equalled—by any woman of the century. They brightened even the brilliant and glowing name of Sheridan. 'Lispings from Low Latitudes,' however, gives an inadequate idea of Lady Gifford's powers. The book was brought out after her death, which took place about 1864 or 5.

A writer in the New York *Nation* says that Professor Freeman was indifferent to many kinds of literature "Among the writers whom he most disliked were Plato, Carlyle, and Ruskin, in none of whom could he see any merit. Neither, although very fond of the Greek and Roman classics, did he seem to enjoy any of the Greek poets, except Homer and to some extent Pindar. He was impatient with Virgil because, as he thought, Virgil could not or would not say a thing simply. Among English poets his preference was for the old heroic ballads, such as the songs of Bruanburh and Maldon, and among recent writers for Macaulay's Lays."

According to the same writer, French was the only foreign language Freeman could speak with any approach to ease, though he could read German, Italian, and modern Greek. "Nor did literature simply as literature attract him. In his later years at any rate he seldom or never read a book in any foreign tongue, except for the sake of the historical or political information it contained."

The anonymous author of 'Fraternity: A Romance,' which was published by Macmillan four years ago, and had

the distinction of passing through a couple of pirated editions in America, is about to issue a volume of poems.

Mr. Frederick Chapman kindly points out that we were in error when we stated the net profits of Chapman and Hall in 1891 as £3,165 11s. 10d. They were £6,166 18s. 10d. Our mistake arose from omitting to take into account the interim dividend of £3,001 7s.

Curiously enough, Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, whose charming descriptions of Italian and German scenery in 'John Inglesant' and 'The Little Schoolmaster Mark' have been so greatly admired, has never been abroad in his life. It would seem that Théodore de Banville was not so far wrong when, in 'L'Ame de Paris,' he discoursed upon the advantage of not having seen a place before describing it.

An interesting article in the May number of the *Ex Libris Journal*, on "Anachronisms in Book Plates," throws much light on the proper spirit in which a book-plate should be adopted and used. It appears that some persons—distinguished persons, too, like Charles James Fox and William Wilberforce—were so little imbued by this true spirit as, from motives of economy or pride of ancestry, to use the book-plates of their forefathers, and change the date. Such persons have played havoc with "unwary collectors." A book-plate is evidently nothing unless strongly individual, or at least representative of the time of its adoption.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. T. and T. CLARK.

The authorised English translation of Professor Godet's Introduction to the New Testament will be published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh. The original work is to form three large volumes, vol. 1 containing St. Paul's Epistles; vol. 2, The Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles; vol. 3, Hebrews, Catholic Epistles, and the Apocalypse. The first volume is now in the press, and arrangements have been made for the publication of the translation as soon as possible after the original edition is ready.

The same publishers announce that the first volume of the authorised English translation of Professor Wendt's Teaching of Jesus will be published simultaneously in this country and America on May 23rd.

Messrs. HENRY and Co.

The next volume of Messrs. Henry and Co.'s Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour will be by Mr. John A. Steuart, author of Kilgroom, etc., and will be entitled The Jolly Pashas, or The Story of an Unphilanthropic Society.

The forthcoming volume of the same firm's Victoria Library for Gentlewomen will be by Mrs. Talbot Coke, and, under the title of The Gentlewoman at Home, will deal with all matters appertaining to the artistic decoration, furnishing, etc., of the home. Both volumes will be ready shortly.

The first edition of Mr. Barry Pain's new book, Stories and Interludes, having been exhausted on date of publication, the second edition is now ready.

Welsh. The Welsh-English Dictionary, which is being prepared by the Rev. Canon Silvan Evans, B.D., has not yet gone beyond its second part, covering the letters A-B; and that part was published in 1888. It will be reassuring to learn that the third part is now nearing completion.

Two memoirs are announced for immediate publication: one, of Rev. R. Rowlands (Aberaman), edited by Rev. D. Silin Evans; and the other, of Revs. Samuel and John Roberts—better known as "S. R." and "J. R."—edited by Dr. Pan Jones. In the meanwhile but little progress has been made with the serial issue of the biography of the Rev. Dr. William Rees, owing to the illness of the editor.

No less than three commentaries on the Epistle to the Galatians have recently appeared, by the late Dr. Owen Thomas, Prof. Hugh Williams, and Dr. John Hughes, respectively. An interesting feature of the latter is the reprint, at the close, of the early Welsh versions of Salesbury and Bishop Morgan, together with a translation into Welsh of the English Revised Version of the Epistle.

Mr. Daniel Owen, the author of 'Rhys Lewis,' does not over-write himself. He has only just published his second novel, called 'Enoc Huws,' and forming a supplement to his first. For a Welsh book, it has had already an immense sale.

Irish. The Charlemont Library, sold by auction in Dublin at the end of May, included some interesting autographs. One of the six quarto volumes of the works of Mr. Alexander Pope has his autograph presentation to Dr. Mead, a court physician, whom he apparently regarded as the typical bookman of the day—"And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane"—but who must have been a bookman as opposed to a bookworm, if Dr. Johnson is also right in saying of him that "he lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man."

An autograph manuscript of Chatterton's, containing 'Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude or Discoorseynge Tragydie,' and other melancholy fragments, bears on a fly-leaf a note from the then Earl of Charlemont, dated two years after the poet's death: "As I have solemnly promised that the writings contained in this book, shall never by me be printed, and that I will, as far as in me lies, provide that they never be printed, I do hereby request and require of my heirs, executors, and administrators that they do cause said writings to be carefully preserved, and that no one do presume to print same, or any part thereof.—Charlemont."

The manuscript would now be a greater curiosity, if this solemn promise had remained of any effect. Its exaction, however, was probably a mere whim, or perhaps a bit of posing, on the part of the unhappy youth, who had been trying hard for the publication of 'Ælla' shortly before his

Presented with THE BOOKMAN, *June*, 1892.

Yours faithfully
Mary A. Ward

death. Infirmity of purpose is again exemplified in a set of Giambatista Piranesi's Roman Antiquities, one of the few copies printed with the plate of dedication to Lord Charlemont, which the author very soon cancelled, re-dedicating the work to the brothers Adam: a humorous incident for a 'History of Famous Dedications.'

Booksellers. There has been some correspondence recently about the Booksellers' Provident Institution. It is indeed a matter for surprise that, for the great majority of those employed in the publishing, bookselling, and stationery trades, there is no provident or benefit society within reach. Cases are continually arising which render the necessity for some aid painfully evident.

A scheme on a sound financial basis for a definite provision for old age, or to meet cases of illness and death, would command the support of many in the trade, in which provision for the future is difficult, as the average of wages is not high. Interest was at once aroused by the announcement of some tangible scheme by Mr. Stott, but of this nothing has lately been heard.

The idea of a Provident Society is to secure a definite provision under certain circumstances, but the help granted by the Booksellers' Provident Institution is entirely at the option of the directors, and therefore the Society is not likely to become popular. A shrinking, diffident man would suffer much quietly rather than expose his private affairs and necessities to a Board of Directors, however considerate and sympathetic it might be. To prove "necessitous circumstances" justifiably, means searching inquiry, and all applicants must be critically scanned before help can be voted.

An investment in the Booksellers' Provident Institution may be more productive than one in a gold mine. For instance, five widows who died in 1891 received, for the very moderate sum paid in, £739, £610, £513, £280, and £30 respectively, and, according to the same Report, £1,679 8s. 6d. has altogether been paid to three widows for £88 5s. originally subscribed to the funds.

How far the Institution fails to receive the support of the trade is evidenced by the fact that it is a subject of congratulation in the Report that the number of new members (nine) in 1891 was an increase upon previous years. The list of members shows that, to a large extent, it appeals chiefly to booksellers and assistants in a superior position —not to the rank and file—and in its limited sphere it has undoubtedly done a most useful work.

The American *Publishers' Weekly* says: "One of the most sensible recent contributions to the discussion of the discount question is that of Mr. H. B. Collins, of Cassell and Co., which appeared in the March issue of the London BOOKMAN." After explaining at length Mr. Collins' proposal that mutual agreements should be formed among the booksellers of each town, our contemporary goes on to say: "This is practically what the Virginia booksellers and, more recently, those of the North-West are striving to do. Thus far the Southern trade has had every reason to feel satisfied by the experiment, and has met with encouragement enough to extend on still broader lines. Whether the movement will succeed and become lasting depends altogether upon the integrity of the individuals engaged in it."

Journalism. The two new halfpenny morning papers, the *Morning* and the *Morning Leader*, have run a neck and neck race. The *Morning Leader*, issued from the *Star* office, was organised in less than a fortnight. As it is printed from the *Star* machines many of the usual difficulties did not present themselves. The literary arrangements are not yet by any means complete, but Mr. James Stuart, M.P., will be the editor, and among the contributors are mentioned Mr. O'Connor Power and Mr. Dalziel, the young M.P. for Kirkcaldy. Mr. Wedlake will be the city editor. The proprietors reckon on an uphill fight, but they are well provided with the sinews of war.

The *Morning*, which has been arranged for some time, is printed at the office of the *News of the World*. It commences with a capital of £30,000.

Finally Mr. Stead has now made definite arrangements for starting the new journal which he has so long contemplated, and the plans for which he has more or less fully disclosed. We believe the first number will be issued in September.

By that time it is calculated the trouble with the trade will be over. The newsagents will probably be able to enforce their own terms, and their views on the subject may be read in our spirited contemporary the *Newsagent*. But in order to win a real success the papers must contain matter the public are eager to read. This will be difficult to provide. The failures in previous attempts were due not so much to the newsagents' reluctance to push halfpenny papers as to the exceeding dulness of the contents. Nor is it easy to see how the dulness can be avoided; for a certain amount of telegraphic news, reports, and other matter which every morning paper contains must be got in, and that leaves little space for anything else.

What seems to us more wanted than anything else is a London morning penny paper the size of the *Pall Mall* or the *St. James's*, containing nothing but what is readable, and avowedly made up for readers who see one of the regular dailies. If it were issued from the office of one of these, and thus saved so far as possible all expenses not literary, we cannot but think a great success might be achieved.

Journalists are talking somewhat gloomily of what may happen after the election. It is anticipated there will be not a few deaths among papers—Unionist and Gladstonian —and some are marked for destruction which would be

much missed by both sides. These predictions are probably too pessimistic.

Mr. Labouchere is clearly marked out for office in the next Liberal Ministry. That need not much affect *Truth*. Though the impress of Mr. Labouchere's personality has been strong, he has set it on able assistants as well as on a newspaper, and among his helpers are men who can wield the "pen like a patent dissecting-knife" almost as well as he. Among these is Mr. Voules, who from the first has been Mr. Labouchere's coadjutor, and Mr. R. A. Bennett, who has managed with consummate skill the "exposures" which have been among the best services rendered to the public by *Truth* or any other journal.

Continental. Volumes on Athens by the Count de Mouy; Tokio, by Madame Judith Gautier; on Lisbon by M. Armand Dayot, and on Vienna by Madame Adam, have been added to Hachette's series of the 'Capitals of the World.'

A volume of unpublished letters by Rousseau—his correspondence with Madame Bay de la Tour, has been published by M. Calmann Lévy. M. Claretie writes a preface.

'Fénelon,' by M. Paul Janet de l'Institut, and 'Saint-Simon,' by M. Gaston Boissier, have appeared in the 'Grands Ecrivains' series. 'Rabelais,' by M. René Millet, is announced as nearly ready.

M. Daudet's fame would seem to have crossed the Alps but recently. The chief Italian literary review announces a new work of fiction from his hand, 'L'Evangeliste' by name!

An interesting chapter of the French Revolution has been written by M. Aulard, of the Sorbonne, on 'Le Culte de la Raison et le Culte de l'Etre Suprême' (1793-1794). M. Aulard has brought a mass of documentary evidence to his aid to prove his thesis that the efforts made by the Revolutionary chiefs to detach France from Christianity was a suddenly contrived political and even military stratagem in the struggle against external and internal enemies.

Two charming little tales, 'Le Coq Basque' and 'Carmine,' by M. Paul Perret, have been issued by Ollendorff, under the name of 'L'Amour et la Guerre.' M. François Coppée has written an appreciative preface.

Talleyrand's memoirs have attracted little attention—the reason being that they are political, and only in a very small degree personal. It is said, however, that many suppressions have been made. There is now no suspicion of the genuineness of the memoirs. The last volume contains an appendix, with an essay written by Talleyrand on the Duc de Choiseul and his administration, in which he incidentally sketches Madame du Barry and Madame de Pompadour, remarking that, different as these two ladies were in almost every respect, they resembled each other completely in one point—in the feminine art of lying.

A popular biography of von Bunsen, by Bernhard Baehring, has just been published by Brockhaus, Leipzig.

The German poetess and story-teller, Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, has recently published two volumes. One of these, 'Drei Novellen,' contains three stories that have appeared separately before—'Oversberg,' 'Bettelbriefe,' and 'Der Nebenbuhler.' The other, called 'Parabeln, Märchen, und Gedichte,' shows her at her best. It is the gathered wit and wisdom of her long life, amiable and poetical in tone, gently satirical of human failings and of the modern tendencies she has little sympathy with.

One of the latest additions to the German series, 'Erläuterungen zu den Deutschen Klassikern,' is a study of Uhland—'Uhland's Dramen und Dramenturgie,' by Herr Düntzer, the editor of the series. Besides being a painstaking summary, it contains the results of some original research, and is an excellent supplement to Keller's well-known 'Uhland als Dramatiker.'

There are still some unpublished writings by Scheffel, the poet-novelist, and Bonz, of Stuttgart, promises a volume of these at an early date.

The correspondence of famous German writers is to form the subject matter of a new series. Already the following volumes have been arranged for: The letters of Schiller and Goethe, of Schiller and Körner, Lessing and Eva König, Goethe and Frau von Stein.

Ilse Frapan, a paper on whose work we recently published, has issued a memoir of Vischer, the well-known professor of æsthetics. Nine years ago Ilse Frapan sent the Professor some verses, which he criticised favourably. This led to personal acquaintance, and the young writer attended his lectures at Stuttgart, and became a warm admirer. In this book, from which we may translate a few extracts, she reviews Vischer's public and private life, and gives a selection of his criticisms on contemporaries. These are pungent enough.

A very readable Spanish novel recently published is 'La vida artistica,' by D. Luis de Llanos. It is descriptive of a modern painter's life in Rome.

American. The Cassell Publishing Company in New York have issued a 25 cents edition of 'A Window in Thrums.' 'When a Man's Single' is in Harper's cheap series, and was the first of Mr. Barrie's books which was introduced to the American public.

The first issue of the édition de luxe of Jane Austen's novels, issued by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, is 'Sense and Sensibility.' It is well printed from new type on superfine wavy paper. The edition is limited to 250 copies, and the price is only two dollars a volume.

Mr. W. D. Howells as editor shows surprising readiness to comply with modern ideas. The *Cosmopolitan*, under his care, has no serials, and cultivates a variety of short papers.

THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE:

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

CHAPTER IX.

Carlyle in Manchester—He predicts the French Revolution of February, 1848—He thinks of writing a life of Arkwright—Visit to Mr. Jacob Bright—Carlyle on Macaulay's defeat at Edinburgh, taxation, and the Church of England—His meeting with the late John Bright and its result—Samuel Bamford and his 'Passages from the Life of a Radical'—Carlyle's departure and letter to Miss Jewsbury—Arrival of Emerson in Manchester.

CARLYLE'S Manchester visit, foreshadowed at the close of the preceding chapter, was paid mainly to a little group of friendly admirers which had recently formed itself there. He came to them from the neighbourhood of Leeds, where he had been the guest of William Edward Forster, afterwards the notable statesman, then a young Yorkshire manufacturer, an ardent Liberal, but not at all of the Manchester and *laissez-faire* school, and a diligent and appreciative student of Carlyle's writings. I found Carlyle newly arrived in the afternoon at a Manchester railway-station, grumbling at a decrepit porter who was not adjusting on his back with adequate symmetry the philosopher's luggage. In the evening I piloted him to Greenheyes and the Jewsburys, whose home was his, I think, during most of his stay in Manchester. On the way he talked much of France and the French, starting from the Praslin tragedy, which had been recently enacted in Paris and had moved him greatly. France was moreover in a state of unrest, longing for parliamentary reform, indignant at Louis Philippe's and Guizot's repressive policy at home and scandalous intrigues abroad in the matter of the Spanish marriages, and stirred to its depths by disclosures of infamous corruption in high places, military and civil, a Minister of Public Works having in consequence attempted to commit suicide. Before long there was good reason for me to remember what fell from Carlyle's lips while I convoyed him that autumn evening through the streets of Manchester and its suburban byways. France, he said, was on the verge of another insurrectionary convulsion, and with the French Revolution of the ensuing February his prophecy came true indeed.

Before visiting W. E. Forster in Yorkshire, Carlyle had spent a fortnight at Matlock, and had inspected the neighbouring village of Cromford, as almost from the first, and thenceforward to the last, the headquarters of Richard Arkwright, and chief scene of those cotton-spinning operations of his with which Lancashire Industrialism took the first of its gigantic strides. As many passages in Carlyle's writings testify, Arkwright was one of his heroes, and notwithstanding occasional gibes at "Plugson of Undershot," he had pronounced the future of England to lie with such "Captains of Industry" as Arkwright's Lancashire had produced, who, moreover, since he uttered that prediction had conquered the English aristocracy and repealed the Corn-Laws. Almost fresh from an exploration of Cromford, Carlyle in Manchester was full of Arkwright. In fact, he hinted to us that having then no literary enterprise on hand, he thought of settling for a longer or shorter time in our neighbourhood, and writing a life of Arkwright with appropriate comments. It was an evanescent project and came to nothing. The first biography which Carlyle wrote after his Cromwell was one not of Arkwright, but of John Sterling, a very different person from the founder of the modern cotton manufacture.

Among the more noticeable episodes of Carlyle's Manchester visit was his excursion to "Brightdom," as he called it, the Rochdale domain of the Brights. Before the excursion was talked of, Carlyle said to me, *à propos* of I know not what, "there is good in Bright," the famous John, of course. Carlyle's Rochdale visit was, however, not to him, but to his younger brother, Mr. Jacob Bright, now a well-known M.P. Among Carlyle's Manchester companions in the excursion there were friends of Mr. Jacob Bright, who, though not a Carlylean, was ready to welcome the distinguished author and denouncer of the Corn-Laws. Carlyle's host for the day was then a bachelor, domiciled with brothers and sisters, while higher up the Rochdale acclivity on which he abode was the residence of his brother John, newly elected, for the first time, member for Manchester, and he, as it happened, was then at home. A part of the afternoon was spent by Carlyle and his Manchester companions in an inspection of a new, or newish, mill belonging to the Brights, and of the most modern and improved construction and equipment. The rest of the afternoon was passed at Mr. Jacob Bright's in general conversation, accompanied by a considerable consumption of tobacco in various forms, Carlyle, of course, taking an active part in both of these occupations. I was rather amused by the deference which, consciously or unconsciously, Carlyle paid to the *genius loci*. He launched into a fiscal disquisition full of facts and figures, the object of which was to show how unjustly the demands of the Imperial Exchequer mulcted the poor, onwards from the old woman smoking her pipe of enormously taxed tobacco. The composition of the newly-elected Parliament coming under review, Carlyle expressed a grim satisfaction with the rejection of "flowery rhetoricians," by which he meant the defeat, at Edinburgh, of Macaulay, whose procedure in the Corn-Law controversy had brought him into great disfavour with the Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers. He laughed heartily, and it seemed sympathetically, at the statement of one of the party that the extension of manufacturing industry in and round Rochdale had driven from it all but a solitary survivor of the once numerous squirearchy of the district, substituting the mill for the manor-house. A report of some sayings and doings of a local High Church cleric, I think, led Carlyle to say with considerable emphasis that if the Church of England went on quietly in the old ways it might last for a long time, but that it would soon be sent about its business if it asserted sacerdotal pretensions.

Before and during the evening-repast all went harmoniously. After it there was an adjournment to the drawing-room, where were Mr. and Mrs. John Bright. It was the first, and proved to be the last, meeting of the famous orator and the famous author. By some mischance the subject of negro-slavery was broached, and almost forthwith the two celebrities plunged into unpleasant controversy. Carlyle passionately defended the peculiar institution in the strain with which his denunciations of Quashee

made his readers afterwards familiar, asserting that negro emancipation had ruined the West Indies. John Bright as strenuously, but not as violently, denounced slavery, and averred that statistics showed the exports of produce from Jamaica to have increased, not diminished, since emancipation. The railway system was another bone of contention, John Bright, of course, expatiating on the benefits which it had conferred on trade and manufactures, while Carlyle contended vehemently that it had dislocated and disorganised much of the quiet industry of the country, clinching his argument by describing the fate of some once prosperous Dumfriesshire watchmaker of his acquaintance, whom he had found adrift in the world, and who ascribed his ruin to a new railway by which his customers were allured to traffic with watchmakers at a distance! An illustration this, by the way, of the *Kleinstädterei* which Emerson said that he had occasionally detected in Carlyle's conversation. Even in regard to the benefits of education the two disputants fell out, Carlyle opposing to his adversary's estimate of them one of the sagacity and applicable knowledge of his own uneducated father, although the said father "could not tell you of the bitter ale consumed in the City of Prophets." This was a hit at Thackeray, who in his entertaining record of Eastern travel (Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh's Journey from Cornhill to Cairo), had chronicled the joy which he felt when a camel-load of Hodson's pale ale arrived from Beyrout at Jerusalem during his visit to that "City of Prophets!" When we had taken our leave and were wending on our way towards Manchester, Carlyle spoke regretfully of his vehemence, and ascribed the painful scene to the introduction, with malice prepense, of controversial topics, seeming to blame for it a certain junior of the party. Which, however, was not among that junior's many sins.

Mr. Froude in his brief (and inaccurate) account of this visit of Carlyle's to Manchester makes him "talk with some of the leaders of the working men who were studying his writings with passionate earnestness," etc. As it happens there were no working men's leaders in the Manchester of, that time. Mr. Froude was probably led into error by seeing in Carlyle's Journal of his Manchester visit, references which he can scarcely have failed to make, to Samuel Bamford, the author of 'Passages in the Life of a Radical.' He was a great admirer of Carlyle, and Carlyle had a great regard for Bamford, whom, in his unpublished correspondence with John Forster he calls "the brave Bamford." The two met more than once at the Jewsburys during Carlyle's stay in Manchester, and had much friendly talk. Bamford, who was at one time a hand-loom weaver, had been at Peterloo, and though there with the most peaceable intentions, was arrested, tried, and imprisoned. But though a genuine Radical and a zealous champion of the claims of labour, he was so far from being a leader of the working men that they looked askance at him, because all along, before, during, and after the Chartist agitation, he had steadily raised his voice against the use of physical force or recourse to violence of any kind. The geniality and good sense, combined with manliness and honesty, displayed in the 'Passages,' at once commended him to Carlyle. Soon after the appearance of the modest little book it was noticed very favourably in the Tory *Quarterly Review* itself, I have little doubt through Carlyle's recommendation of it to Lockhart. I have still less doubt that to a similar recommendation was due the kind present of £100 which Carlyle's Lord Ashburton spontaneously made to Bamford, who himself told me of it.

At the little parties which the hospitable Jewsburys gave in his honour to his friends and the friends of his friends, Carlyle was always genial, pleasantly conversible, never vehement. Miss Jewsbury, who was one of the acutest of observers, declared that during his Manchester visit there was a sort, to use her own phrase, of "devil-me-care" air about him which she had never seen him wear before. Missing the first train by which he intended to travel northward, he was bitterly self-reproachful, and one could not help laughing inwardly to hear his plaintive exclamation, "If my wife had been here, this would not have happened!" Soon after arriving at his destination in his beloved Dumfriesshire, he wrote Miss Jewsbury one of those beautiful letters in the inditing of which none could equal him, encouraging her in her attempt to make the home over which she presided the socially intellectual centre so much needed in such a place as Manchester then was. A few weeks after Carlyle's departure from Manchester Emerson arrived there to begin a lecturing tour in England. Of Emerson in Manchester and in London something will be said in a future chapter. Φ

THE WORK OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

THE criticisms on Mrs. Ward's latest book, with a few notable exceptions, have been severe: its sale has been highly satisfactory to her publishers and herself. There is nothing remarkable about this, for few readers are guided by what the critics say. But Mrs. Ward has read the judgments pronounced upon her, and her answer, which forms a preface to the popular edition of 'David Grieve,' suggests a still further examination of the conditions of her success. Her popularity is a significant fact to the student of the English life of to-day. Not that any single page of hers is stamped with that seal of faithfulness and art that would make of it a historic document for time to come. But round all she has written there clings an aroma which distinctively belongs to the thought and ideals of a very large part of the national life. It lurks in her phrases, in her modes of thinking, and literary historians might well wish Mrs. Ward all the power with which her admirers credit her, that the durability of the material which secretes this flavour of our time might be ensured. Rightly understood, it reveals the mental condition of a far larger portion of the nation than the one in whose name the critics speak.

Her literary evolution has been far from simple. The connection between her earlier critical work and her recent fiction is hardly obvious at first sight. Her essays in *Macmillan's Magazine*, some ten years ago, were not cast in a popular form. They were not the food on which her later admirers have fed for the most part. All things considered, it is not so much to be regretted as to be wondered at that she ever left this field for fiction. From a purely literary

point of view these essays are the best work she has ever done, if we except, perhaps, the translation of Amiel's Journal. They are good examples of honest, second-best criticism. In their solidity, their thoroughness, they belong rather to a past age. They have none of the slightness, the too often flimsy impressionism we are content with to-day. Commonplace they are at times, but never affected; cultivated, temperate, sane, and with never a spark of genius in them from beginning to end. Had she rested here she might have been our most faithful guide through the bye-ways of Continental literature. Perhaps only a few readers of 'Robert Elsmere' would be interested in the subject of these essays—in Gustavo Becquer, Garnier, in the literature of French souvenirs, etc. But read in the light of her later fiction, they are curiously significant. The cast of mind, the ideals that have more space for betrayal and development in the novels, are lurking in these earlier works. 'Robert Elsmere' is foreshadowed in her deep interest in Renan's 'Memories,' inasmuch as "they touch the note which vibrates deepest in the modern world—the note of religious difference." "The greatest of the controversies of humanity," by which is meant the struggle between creeds and reason, is a constantly recurring phrase. In the essays and the novels there is the same uneasy consciousness of the changes passing over the world, the timid sympathy, the halting approval, the same talk of the modern spirit with the same curiously inadequate comprehension of what it means, the same combination of healthy instincts with morbid thinking, the same dislike of strong contrasts, of brutal certainties, the same air of tolerance and the lack of catholicity, the same gentle and fair mindedness, the same note of intellectual Pharisaism, the same repetition of the catchwords of a sect.

To her first attempt at fiction Mrs. Ward brought a well-stored mind, a fluent and vigorous pen, an amount of cultivation somewhat unusual, and perhaps unnecessary, for a novelist. Her familiarity with London literary society and her own mental experiences furnished the rest of her capital. Heavy baggage certainly; and she dropped none by the way. In 'Miss Bretherton' there was no second-hand reporting, for Mrs. Ward knew London drawing-rooms and private views; she knew Oxford and Surrey. Only they are seen through such a highly rarefied medium, that they are no longer the London or the Oxford or the Surrey of ordinary folks. "Phrases of Joubert and Stendhal" and "subtleties of artistic and critical speculation float about" in the thick air as its inhabitants fly through the fog in hansoms to join kindred spirits in intellectual West End circles. The jargon and cant of art are heard on every side. We are not even spared the 'Paradoxe sur le Comédien.' The love of nature expressed is probably genuine enough, but the description of Surrey commons is a wild mixture of Hugo and heather, Balzac and bracken, gorse and Chateaubriand. The one strong human passion in the book—the devotion of Kendal to his sister, is made subordinate to intellectual interests, and becomes only another manifestation of priggishness. Kendal's keenest regret for the woman he is said to love seems to be "that her youth had been spoilt by her entire want of that inheritance from the past which is the foundation of all good work in the present." When the girl owns to her ignorance of French, instead of rejoicing in her fine honesty, he makes haste to give her an educational lecture on the benefits to be derived from the study of French prose. The reader's grievance is that Mrs. Ward does not herself attach the fitting label to Kendal's coat-tails, or endow her heroine with devilry enough to flout him. And the end of it is that we leave 'Miss Bretherton' with a wild craving for the wilderness, the uttermost parts of the sea, the fastnesses of Philistia, where neither art nor letters do penetrate, and where the cultivated person is altogether unknown.

Since then Mrs. Ward has learnt much, and her aptness in learning has been rewarded by a great popularity. 'Robert Elsmere,' at least, was a long step on. It touched on commoner human interests; it was more readable. Well-bred mediocrity no longer spoke as it had been told to speak of art and literature; it took to solving religious and social problems instead. Now Mrs. Ward in her late protest against her critics has defended the Novel with a Purpose. She is quite right. A vast deal of cant has been talked on this subject. "Art for Art's sake"—that, too, is vanity like every canon and formula of criticism that is exclusive and intolerant. Genius is its own justification, and the methods of Flaubert and Dickens have both forced acceptance. Divest your novel of all moral atmosphere, if you will; weave into it even fanatical irrelevancies, if you will. If the creative power be there; if the tale be quick with human life, the verdict will be for you in spite of your theories or your lack of them. Those who condemned 'Robert Elsmere' intelligently, did so, not because it had a purpose, but because they felt it to be a dramatic failure, or because of the provincial tone of its thought. Indeed, to the fulfilment of its "purpose" must be set down much of the praise it deserves. There is a distinct continuity about it. It develops its ideas in a sane and wholesome fashion. That those whose beliefs were fast grounded were not convinced by Robert's logic; or that others considered the book made a great fuss about small difficulties, has nothing to do with the case. Mrs. Ward, it is true, may have had propagandist intentions, but surely her purpose as a missionary and as a writer of fiction was fulfilled in presenting a sympathetic type of the compromising modern mind in face of religious difficulties. In 'David Grieve' she was more ambitious and much less successful. The sated minds of readers demanded more variety in his experiences, and after giving him this, there is no moral or mental unity left about him at all. He is painted over with successive veneers of revivalism, atheism, socialism, sensualism. And the sum of all the coatings is the impossible one of Elsmerism. He reaps none of the harvest he has sown; he does not pay in hard coin the penalties he has merited. They were but shadowy picture fires he passed through. Surely here Mrs. Ward lost her way. Many a less instructive writer, with a firmer mental grasp, would have shaped the facts of David's case in harmony with the stern inevitable morality of real life.

Yet her people are not mere puppets. Elsmere is almost a success, so is Langham; Rose is charming; Robert's mother, with her strange garments and her Irish wit, is a sympathetic figure. Aunt Hannah is made of flesh and blood, and Lomax the wanderer is a reality. Unfortunately Mrs. Ward has an unfortunate habit of arresting our interest in her people's actions while she is looking after her hero's

soul or her heroine's education, or drawing out the spiritual experiences of the supernumeraries. "I am so made," says Mrs. Ward, "that I cannot picture a human being's development without wanting to know the whole, his religion as well as his business, his thoughts as well as his actions." This sounds like a threat for the future; let us pray, therefore, that the *dramatis personæ* be rigorously few. She has too little trust in the power of the untrained, untrimmed bits of human life for stirring human feeling. Her lack of artistic simplicity is instanced in the example she gives of "one of those experiences which remain with us as a sort of perpetual witness to the poetry which life holds in it, and yields up to one at any moment," for the "experience" was a spectacular rendering of 'Romeo and Juliet' in a garden at Venice, with a moon and the canal in sight, a balcony, a sundial catching the moonbeams, a beautiful actress in white brocade, and other highly decorative accessories. She says she has a liking for "serious endings." No one will quarrel with the seriousness, but only with her manifestations of it. She wishes to wring from her readers the tears due to human suffering. Internal chill is her means of doing so in Miss Bretherton; tubercular disease of the larynx in Robert Elsmere; in 'David Grieve' it is sarcoma and diphtheria. Yet there is no reason in the world why Madame Châteauvieux, or Elsmere, or Lucy should have died, except to satisfy that ghoulish tradition of the Sunday-school literature of the last generation. This triumph of the lachrymose over the pathetic betrays Mrs. Ward's inherent weakness and reveals her kindred.

Critics do her wrong by turning and rending her because she is lacking in what is not hers to give. Stripped of their outer garb of culture, her works belong to an order of writing to which critics as a rule pay but little attention. There is in England a very large class of persons who are serious, given to speculation, yet timid and unadventurous in mind. A generation ago they were less highly educated. In those days they read Miss Yonge. Now they are attracted by mild philosophical inquiries. They are influential, and they are worth influencing. On them depends whether ideals and impulses born within a narrow circle become popular forces bearing the life of the nation along. To widen their minds by ever so little, to point to further horizons, to teach forbearance to the new and unknown, is a work the best might be proud to take part in. That work is not for the inaccessible idealist, the austere logician, the fastidious artist. Subtle refinement, strong sensation, naked truth are alien to the mass of timid souls—the great middle class of the intellect. They may indeed be impressed and commanded by the greatest genius which is never very far away from the level of any human mind, high or low. But they are docile, and prefer to be instructed by one whose kinship they can feel. To this class Mrs. Ward appeals as a great moral force. Not that she is on their level; but she is at least within sight of it. She is concerned with their problems, owns, perhaps with a difference, their social ideals, interprets what lies just outside their borders. Within certain bounds, her admirers are fastidious. Academically, they are learned enough, cultured enough. The purely literary side of their demands it is not easy to satisfy. The cultivation, therefore, the full mind, which Mrs. Ward brings to bear on the questions towards the solution of which they would be discreetly guided, is not only flattering, it is indispensable. In thought and ideals the guide must not soar too far away from their levels: the form in which these are wrapped cannot be too fine. In the character of the public for whom these books were consciously or unconsciously written, lie the interest and the explanation of their success, and instead of pedantically pointing to artistic or dramatic flaws in their workmanship, we should be better employed in contentedly recognising that Mrs. Ward is a strong influence that reaches, and is effectual, where artists extolled by the critics would be powerless and unowned. G-Y.

A TALK WITH MR. EDMUND GOSSE.

By RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

TO one who holds that books are a man's best and truest friends, who looks upon a rare edition as a treasure without price, a visit to Mr. Edmund Gosse can be nothing else than a great joy. For there in bookcases, one of which, designed by the great sculptor Hamo Thornicroft himself, divides the drawing-room from the study, you will find what is perhaps one of the most interesting and most wisely selected collection of books in the kingdom.

And you will find in Mr. Gosse himself a host whose pride and pleasure it is to explain the beautiful things which he handles so lovingly and with such dainty care.

"I think," he remarked once to me, "that the collecting of books like these is a far greater joy to a poor man than to a rich one. For instance," he continued, placing in my hands one of his best-loved treasures, "Lord —— would buy that without a moment's hesitancy or sacrifice. I spent my all upon it, with the cheerful prospect of the workhouse next day!"

Some first editions of Smollett and Fielding greatly attracted me. Close to them was a wonderfully complete set of all the plays of the Restoration, Wycherley, Dryden, Aphra Behn, etc. There was a very early edition of Tennyson's poems, dated 1842, which had once belonged to Barry Cornwall, and which contained his corrections and a verse inserted in pen and ink that is almost word for word identical with one that appeared in 1886 in 'Locksley Hall fifty years after.'

One old tome, dated 1613, was of special interest, not only on account of its beautiful print, but for the fact that it is a record of 'The Sacred Representation of Adamo,' which was witnessed by Milton in Milan many years after, and which led to the writing of 'Paradise Lost.' I took up an early edition of Coventry Patmore's 'Angel in the House,' in which Mr. Gosse expressed his opinion that among the elder living poets Patmore came next to Tennyson.

This led us into a discussion on poetry, and said Mr. Gosse, "I take a much more favourable view of the poetry of to-day than many men. I deny altogether that we are poor in poetry. It is astonishingly varied; it is richer in individuality than any but the Elizabethan or the Georgian eras. The Victorian poetic era is easily third. Bereaved of several, we still have an astonishing wealth of it, although I do not know that it is of a generally popular kind. It tends, perhaps, too much towards the expression of atten-

uated thought and of subtle emotions. But the common sneer against the poetry of to-day is a great libel. The reason is, perhaps, that several people who deserve no prominent position have won it. The extreme delicacy of modern poetry has a great charm for me. Remember this, too, a general poetic instinct, such as that of to-day, has this great merit, it keeps the language sweet; this is always the effect of the purity of the poetic style, therefore don't snub our poets; they keep the tradition of our language clean and fresh. Look at the very latest generation, and you find such men as Arthur Symons and Richard Le Gallienne. It is not impossible we may find yet a poet of the first order in Rudyard Kipling, who may possibly be known for his splendid lyrics long after his stories have passed away."

"Then you don't think, Mr. Gosse, that the age of the poet, or the desire for him, has died away?"

"Oh no; the singing instinct is too inherent in mankind for that ever to be possible. Always at the moment when the wiseacres say that poetry is at an end there comes a fine poet."

I ventured a question on Tennyson.

"Ah!" replied my host, "he is like one of the Immortals who by some accident has been preserved. I have a personal homage for his genius. You ask whether we must consider him as a pioneer or a last link with the old days; well, what do you think yourself?"

I replied without hesitation that it appeared to me that he was most emphatically a pioneer, and that no one who has written since has been uninfluenced by him.

Mr. Gosse then wandered into an interesting dissertation on critics and criticism.

"Criticism," said he, "has now thoroughly proved its right to exist as an independent form of literature. You must speak and think of it as such now-a-days, and the critics must take both themselves and their work seriously. It is in very truth a creative work in its kind. Take the criticism, for instance, of such a man as Mr. Walter Pater; how scholarly, how penetrating and refined it always is! It is criticism of a kind that will stand out as one of the elements in the creative work of our time, quite apart from any subject upon which he may have written. Now that is the working out of a position conceived in this country by Hazlitt. It was much obscured by bad work at first, but the later Victorian period will show a great advance."

"Well, Mr. Gosse, how do you think we compare with the great French critics?"

"Ah!" he replied, "I am afraid we are still far behind them. The French are our masters. The serious ones are more catholic than our men. They go deeper in their analysis. No one here who writes serious criticism should be ignorant of what is going on in France. I am more careful myself to know what is being published in Paris than I am to know what is forthcoming here in London."

"And what do you think as to the general trend of fiction, Mr. Gosse?"

Well, I am afraid that unless the novelist breaks new ground there will be a great crash, just as after Sir W. Scott there was a material decay. The French, again, are far less likely to suffer, for their cultivation of the novel is so much more broad and artistic. Owing to our English limitations, there is a total absence of a serious study of the industrial life of our country in our fiction. And yet it is *the* feature of our country. That is wrong. Now, I take a great interest in practical things. I love to meet unlettered people, and to talk to them. The man of letters must beware of running too much in a groove. We ought always to be refreshing ourselves with our fellow creatures. I often find that people who never read a book are the freshest, the most interesting, and the most instructive, especially if they are not idle people, but engaged in some other branch of work. Their lives are often perfect romances, but the ordinary English novelist disdains them. The novel has the field at present. It is the great moving fact in literature; but if it is to live, it must give a more real transcript of life than at present is the case; but I don't advise the taking of little bits of life here and there indiscriminately. I am in favour of selection. Now take Hardy's 'Tess,' for instance. There he gives us a distinct idea of an important section of rural English life. He exactly places before us a dairy-farm. He does not consider it beneath his dignity. And to the novelist nothing *hardly* should be common or unclean."

"Well," I objected, "I don't know that you are quite right there, Mr. Gosse. We don't much appreciate Zola over here."

"Please observe, my friend," replied Mr. Gosse, with a smile, "that I accentuated the 'hardly.' There are, of course, limitations, but the Englishman, as a rule, can be trusted. Still, he wants pushing on. As a rule your ordinary novelist tells us nothing of his hero's occupation; he merely labels him as a soldier, a sailor, a carpenter. That is all. There you have one of the reasons which make it so disadvantageous that a novelist should become professional. In the old days amateurs, men experienced in other walks of life, wrote novels. Look at Smollett, a ship's surgeon and his splendid fiction of 'Roderick Random.' Now, however, it is a continual, professional, commercial grinding out of novels—a never-ending flow of rubbish."

"And do you think the style as well as the matter is poor, Mr. Gosse?"

"I don't know that I go so far as that," he replied. "I believe in giving the novelist a free hand so far. Each novelist will do what seems good in his own eyes. I should like a more classic and academic form in the literature of fiction, I must confess. Style does not spoil the story. It is a common fact that most people who have a good story to tell can write it well."

"I am asking you many questions, Mr. Gosse, but I am much interested in these matters. Now my friend Hall Caine told me the other day that he believed the vogue of the novel was dying out, and that the drama would replace it. Do you agree with him?"

"No, I do not, though I quite see that there are people who are attracted more by the accessories than by the purely literary part of fiction; but the drama has a work apart from the novel."

I ventured the heresy that each existed not to teach, but to amuse. I don't think Mr. Gosse agreed with me. I then asked him his opinion as to the young people who are now so prominent in literature.

"I see," he replied, "enormous talent in many of them, although now and again there are wild attempts to win pro-

minence by mere eccentricity. Now the extraordinary won't live long unless it is the serious outcome of great strength. I see an interesting advance in the general critical tone of thinking people towards literature, which will make the *very* bad impossible."

I drifted into inquiries as to his opinion of the New Journalism, the New Humour, the New Era generally, in fact, as far as literature is concerned.

"Well, I consider," he replied, "that the general tone of Journalism is infinitely finer than it used to be. Compare old numbers of the Reviews with those of to-day. Everything is tending to a very high level of average merit. As to the New Humour, I rather hate it; I fail to be amused at it. I can laugh at Dickens, but I *can't* find fun in the New Humour; there is no selection in it. It is a mere clever transcript by a man with the memory of a reporter."

"But that is the essence of realism, Mr. Gosse," said I.

"Yes, but it isn't humour," he replied. "A man merely puts down what he hears. It may be pleasing for a moment, by reason of its cleverness and its novelty, but it is ephemeral. The New Humour I don't believe in, although I have great hope yet of seeing the New Humourist return successfully to old humour; but I have great hopes for the New Era of fiction. An era it will be, in my opinion, of individualisation, rather than of realisation, and consequently an era full of deep human interest."

LITERARY DUBLIN.

EMIGRATION, long a well-marked and, under many of its aspects, a melancholy feature in Irish affairs, does not fail to manifest itself in our literary world, and, as might be anticipated, most distinctly in Dublin. For, despite all patriotic boasts about Erin's proudly insular attitude, "with her back towards Britain, her face to the west," it would seem that her capital, the appropriate headquarters of her *littérateurs* now affords them rather fatal facilities for their exits eastward. The large, luxuriously appointed mail-boats offer them a temptingly assisted passage of the three-hours' channel, and the Wild Irishman sets them down fast by the Row before they have well finished their railway novel with twenty lines on a page. To put the situation epigrammatically, the new Irish Authors' Society lives in London.

This phase of emigration is, however, not one of Ireland's fee-griefs. It is but part of the general tribute—resisted in a measure by Edinburgh alone—paid to London's centripetal force, which draws in first all literary produce, and next, by a natural sequence, the producers likewise. Irish authors are not singular in desiring a better market for their wares, and in keeping their hearts wheresoever their manuscripts and publishers and reviewers may happen to be. But its commonness and inevitability cannot diminish the impoverishing results of the fact that our men of letters are so prone to "seeken straunge strondes" as soon as some professional *pied à terre* ceases to detain them among us. How precarious a tenure this will frequently prove witnesses our latest emigrant, Sir R. S. Ball, whilom Astronomer Royal of Ireland, now Lowndean Professor at Cambridge, a man of whose scientific eminence Dublin — to quote Macaulay upon Jane Austen—"is justly proud," and to whose lectures and writings *litteræ humaniores* lend a charm which *litteræ cælestiores* occasionally lack.

Still it would be ungratefully inaccurate to represent ourselves as altogether deserted. Long may it be, for instance, before Dublin and Dublin University lose Professor E. Dowden, whose name most readers will associate with those of Shakespeare and Shelley, though a volume of poems, so far companionless, makes some people grudge him to the confraternity of critics. Then we have Professor Mahaffy, a scholar of prodigious versatility, whose contributions to literature take all shapes from Máh to Máhi, as the Persians say — from prolegomena to ancient history to the art of modern conversation. But we must admit that Dubliners possess a more or less doubtful joy in his sojourn, knowing not what strange English see may even now be swelling to engulf him, the traditional bourne of brilliant learning in Holy Orders. Can we choose but weep to have that which we fear to lose? We should perhaps console ourselves with the reflection that by no such destiny, at any rate, can we be deprived of Miss Katharine Tynan, whose right to a place among the seventy-three, or sixty, or even fewer, recognised minor poets is undisputed, and whose true and fine gift may one of these days win her a yet more distinguished precedence. We must not, however, prolong this catalogue, lest an invidious semblance of exhaustiveness, here impracticable, should expose us to accusations of gaps "all-thing unbecoming" left in our count of resident celebrities.

But our absentee authors would possibly urge, with the modesty which is, we are sometimes told, an invariable characteristic of all true genius, that in withdrawing themselves from our society they only remove their snuff and mortal parts; that we enjoy every harvest of their brains a post later, at farthest, than their adopted fellow-citizens. Such a view cannot, of course, be entertained; nay, we are moreover conscious of a loss, intangible yet perceptible, due to the mere circumstance that their works come forth under the shadow not of Saint Patrick's but of Saint Paul's. There is something animating and alluring—analogous to the dampness of an early newspaper, or the warmth of a fresh roll—in the sense that a certain eagerly looked-for work is about to make its very first appearance within a walk of your door; the day's journey from London takes perhaps just the keenest edge off your interest and curiosity. Be this as it may, the works which nowadays see the light in O'Connell Street or College Green seldom succeed, even with the closest proximity to aid, in arousing much attention. Expectation stands stolidly flat-footed, and would scarcely whirl round the featheriest brain. Let us glance briefly at the residuum left to Dublin after the absorption of, roughly speaking, all saleable material by London publishers.

One result of this absorption is that the casual observer might easily be tempted to infer a remarkably pervasive predilection for native archæology among Dublin scholars, converting all their literary activity into chronicles of their obscure researches; whereas the truth is that these unmarketable, and therefore unexported products of antiquarian zeal here gain adventitious prominence from the scantiness of any other literary output. The latter, setting aside periodicals, is chiefly embodied in the publications of the Dublin University Press, which are, however, in many

instances almost "unlettered by learning." The same remark applies to the University's larger magazine *Hermathêna*, which would meet the requirements of a young lady who once assured us that she never cared to read anything less solid than the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, and who threw scorn upon a suggestion that the contents of the *Contemporary* and *Fortnightly* are sometimes fairly substantial. Its small contemporary *Kottabos*, a miscellany of original and translated verse which appeals to a less severely academic audience, has of late undergone rapid changes of editor, an experience generally trying to the constitution of a magazine; hence, no doubt, the falling off betrayed by the recent numbers, more especially in their facetiæ—a grave symptom, for George Eliot is quite right about the significance of jokes—were it not attributable to accidental and transitory causes.

The only other noticeable magazine is the *Irish Monthly*, and it would in some respects bear a comparison with many which are well reputed across the Channel. But the calling of its editor* in itself implies inevitable limitations, and upon the whole it may be regarded as illustrating the desiderata paradoxically coexistent in all these literary enterprises of ours—more expansion and more concentration. As for the daily press, our newspapers often devote to reviews and literary articles a space which argues the existence o that reading public whom we are now and then exhorted to disbelieve in. There is always some forlorn little comic journal struggling on, "one form under many names,' while ecclesiastical, society, and sporting papers, devotional educational, and political works, shade out of literature into *biblia a-biblia* by ill-defined gradations, as perplexing to the bookman as to the biologist are those glutinous sacs and discs and amorphous jellies which hang upon the borders of organised creation.

This bird's eye view has revealed no brilliant prospect, and it is difficult, the causes of its dimness considered, to point out any quarter of the horizon as a probable source of rising light. Some sanguine spirits, it is true, do confidently aver that when the Irish Parliament sits—but through that door comes "a rage and such a vese" as never blew from the grisly portal of "Marz armypotente" himself. No winged words but were all "too lightly timbered for so loud a wind"; and we therefore hasten to conclude with the uncontentious remark that should a literary revival ever take place in Dublin, no mechanical deficiencies will be found to impede its progress. Dublin printers and bookbinders can turn out work, which from a technical point of view leaves nothing to be desired. But what boots it if the name of a Dublin publisher upon a title-page is a consignment to the Laureate's trunks and curl-papers, if not to Herrick's pastry and mackerel, or Martial's tunny-fry and cock-roaches?

JANE BARLOW.

THE BROWNING PALACE AT VENICE.

"ALL is happily well with them—their palazzo excites the wonder of everybody, so great is Pen's cleverness, and extemporised architectural knowledge"—

". . . magnificently lodged in this vast palazzo which my son has really shown himself fit to possess, so surprising are his restorations and improvements; the whole is all but complete, decorated—that is, renewed—admirably in all respects. What strikes me as noteworthy is the cheerfulness and comfort of the huge rooms."

Such were the letters which Robert Browning wrote from the Palazzo Rezzonico at Venice in December, 1889, during the week before his sudden illness and death. One of his last pleasures on earth was the sight of this great palace on the Grand Canal at Venice, in the purchase and restoration of which to its original grandeur his son had already spent a princely sum. A week later it was to gain its most enduring claim to fame by being the scene of Robert Browning's death.

Since his death the palace has been still further adorned, and young Mr. Browning has very wisely and piously filled its great rooms with memorials of the mighty dead.

The palace belongs to the Renaissance period, and dates from about the end of the sixteenth century. It was restored, however, in the eighteenth century, and the interior is now decorated in the style of its later date. It stands on the Grand Canal at some distance above the Rialto, and below the Palace of the Foscari, and that other palace where Byron lived so merrily. As you pass by in your gondola in your first trip up the Grand Canal, the Palace Rezzonico cannot but strike upon the eye with startling novelty after the long rows of Venetian Gothic windows to which it has become attuned. The devout Ruskinian will love it not. In the luxuriance and capricious fancifulness of its rich Renaissance architecture he will recognise something profane. He will see the word "decadence" writ large on its mighty columns and its fantastic festoons of solid stone. He will recognise an effort to satisfy and distract eyes that have departed from the sources of pure and legitimate pleasure.

No one has echoed the spirit of this architecture in more felicitous verse than Robert Browning himself:—

"As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop:
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?"

Yes, that is what this architecture wants—soul. And yet the pomps of the flesh are something, and as your gondola grates against the stately steps, and you mount into the great courtyard, you feel that this world has something to say for itself. Cool and pleasant enough that courtyard is on a hot Italian noon, with "the lisp of leaves" and the murmur of pleasant waters. The gaily-sashed Venetian who has landed you from your gondola rings at the side-door, and a frankly English footman answers the peal. You are escorted up a narrow winding staircase—the breadth of the steps being perforce sacrificed to the courtyard—into a spacious ante-room. Thence you pass directly into a great, lofty drawing-room.

We are now on the second storey, and it is to the adornment of the rooms that lie on this floor that Mr. Barrett Browning has devoted most ingenuity. His aim has been to reproduce, as far as possible, an eighteenth century interior, and the paintings and drapery are all designed to that end. It would require far more technical knowledge than I am

* Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., belongs to a Franciscan convent in Dublin.

master of to judge in any efficient manner of Mr. Browning's accuracy. I am content to take the father's judgment—"renewed admirably in all respects"—and to leave others to decide whether it is altogether worth the pains so laboriously to revive the decorations of an unlovely period. Far more interesting in our eyes were the relics of Robert and Mrs. Browning with which the rooms were full. In a prominent place in this front room stands the full-length portrait of his father which Mr. Barrett Browning produced shortly before the poet's death—a striking likeness, in a carefully elaborated harmony of browns. This is the first of a whole portrait-gallery. Grouped in the right-hand corner of the next room you find two busts and a portrait of Mrs. Browning—the busts, more accurately, of Miss Barrett in her childhood and early youth, and the portrait of Mrs. Browning in her melancholy maturity. What a change—from that merry, graceful child to that sad-eyed woman! The soul has grown, but how the body has suffered!

In this corner you have the story of a life. In the opposite corner is placed a contrasting group of busts and portraits from Robert Browning. A smooth, happy existence seems here portrayed by chisel and pencil—the existence of a man who rarely failed to find in the world a prompt and satisfactory endorsement of his optimistic creed.

On the left-hand side of this same room, in an alcove specially built to receive it, is a precise copy of the epitaph to Mrs. Browning set up at Florence by Niccolo Tommasei:—

"Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose woman's heart combined the wisdom of a wise man with the genius of a poet, and whose poems form a golden ring which joins Italy to England."

It was in reference to this epitaph that Robert Browning wrote in the closing lines of "The Ring and the Book":—

> "Might mine but lie outside thine, Lyric Love,
> Thy rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised)
> Linking our England to his Italy."

From this room you can descend down a flight of stairs, opening through the floor into a set of compartments which were used by the member of the Rezzonico family who was elevated to the Papacy. A snug little set of rooms, where a great man might retire from the press of the great world, and live a life of plain thinking and high living. On the side table of the sitting-room, as if to consecrate it, is a small copy of the large portrait of Mrs. Browning in her maturity, and beneath it a presentation copy of her works in very precious and beautiful binding. This suite of rooms has a special exit to a side-canal, whence the Pope might start off in his gondola unobserved by the crowd on the Grand Canal.

Returning to the second storey, we pass from what we may call "the portrait-room" into a great concert-hall, where Mr. Browning delights to entertain his guests with the best music that Venice provides. He has lately picked up a little girl at Asolo, who promises to develop a very beautiful voice. As one listens to her singing, one's mind goes back to little Pippa, perhaps the prettiest child of modern literature—whose child's faith was also the poet's own—

> "God's in His heaven,
> All's right with the world."

This is a mighty room—a room for the sons of Anak. It could easily hold a thousand people. Its gaudy, tasteless decorations recall very realistically the Venice of the decadent period. High revelry has been held in this hall ere now. We can imagine what magnificent receptions were given here when the Rezzonico family, boasting a Doge and a Pope, held its head high in the Venetian world—

> "Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to midday,
> When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow—"

Venice still prefers living by night to living by day, but the magnificent feasting of an earlier time has degenerated into sordid rowdyism on the Piazza—

> "Dust and ashes, dead and done with—Venice spent what Venice earned."

But to return. From this storey we ascend, if we like, to a smaller suite of rooms above, in one of which—the one facing the canal—Robert Browning died. Here his son keeps the manuscripts of several of his father's poems, and many other pious relics. Here the family at present live—in every way a more homely demesne than the great rooms down below.

We will not encroach on the privacy of the living, but will descend to our waiting gondola, and lazily return to our lodging down the Grand Canal, watching the evening sun spread its robes of rich colour over the crowded roofs and distant lagoons:—

> "How light we go, how softly! Ah,
> Were life but as the gondola!"

HAROLD SPENDER.

THE MEMOIRS OF THE BARON DE MARBOT.

The two handsome volumes just issued by Messrs. Longmans are at least opportune. The publishers have done their best for Marbot and his English readers, save perhaps in the choice of a translator, and in the abridgment—I had almost said the mutilation—of the text. This last misfortune is accounted for by "the different conditions of the book-market in England and France, which made it impossible to render the 1,200 pages of the original in their entirety." Since the abridgment amounts to 900 large and full pages we cannot help regretting the omissions, though owning that they largely consist of second-hand information and barren discussion. However, the publishers know a thousand times better than the critics what readers want to read, and in what form they want it. An abridgment being decreed, it was probably left to the discretion of the translator to decide on the plan. His treatment is hardly felicitous. "Several passages have been reduced to little more than abstracts. These last are indicated by brackets." So far, well. Indeed, this legitimate process of compression might have been carried much further, for few books lend themselves better to this form of abridgment. Marbot uses his own adventures as the main thread in compiling a more or less complete military history of the Empire. For the events which did not come under his eye, he seems in after life to have sought for information, not from the conversation of other veterans, but from standard books accessible to us all. For instance, he relies mainly upon Napier for the Peninsular War, and upon such sound Napoleonic rhapsodists as Thiers for his general political bearings. Clearly, all this will bear abridgment, though there is always a certain interest in observing Marbot's

attitude to what he presents at second-hand. But further, we are told that "the whole work, except the most exciting episodes, has had to be somewhat condensed." Here, alas! there are no brackets to help us. Unless the reader compares every page with the original, he can never trust a single sentence, since obviously it may have been modified by an omitted clause, sentence, or paragraph. This I have not done, and so must regard this work not as a translation, but as a version, and rely for its fidelity upon the editor.

But faith gives way to suspicion on finding him in some respects so poorly qualified for so delicate a task. In the first place he does not appreciate his author. True, he describes the Memoirs as "in some respects the most interesting book that has appeared in France or England for a generation," which is mere exaggeration; but he adds that "style was not General Marbot's forte." Well, no doubt his forte was fighting, but the forte of his Memoirs was their style. The grand thing would have been to have gone unseen by his side through all his adventures; the next best thing is to hear the old trooper tell his story in his own way, even though "with a decided excess of relative clauses." For in truth his style is an admirable one because admirably adapted to the writer and his subject, and wherever Mr. Butler has imitated it closely, as in the "exciting episodes," he carries the reader along with him bravely. The attempt to give the equivalents for colloquial expressions is on the whole successful, but is sometimes carried to the verge of vulgarity in the headings of the pages, for which, however, the translator may not be responsible. In a few passages he hardly renders the full precise sense, and blunders hopelessly over Marbot's distinction between majors and lieutenant-colonels, but generally his English is vigorous and flowing. Of the Imperial history he does not profess any special knowledge, and the few notes he has inserted are of no great importance, though useful reminders in their way. In fact, a model edition, adequately discussing the Baron's frequent errors and omissions would entail endless labour in the form of notes and references; nor, to tell the truth, is the book worth the trouble. There is, however, no excuse for the absence of a Table of Contents, and of dates, at least at the beginning of each chapter.

So much has already been written about Marbot's Memoirs in both countries—of which a good deal will have to be retracted—and so many striking extracts have been reprinted, that I shall limit myself to a few general observations. First as to the authenticity of the work; this seems to be fairly established, and is certainly supported by internal evidence, though no explanation is offered why a work apparently finished in 1846—Marbot died in 1854—remained so long unpublished. Its authority is a different matter. Here I venture to protest against the extravagant praise which from certain quarters has been showered upon a work of really modest pretensions. Marbot deals with two sets of facts. As to those of which he was an eye witness I am disposed to accept his testimony with certain reservations. With regard to the details—tactics, movements, and personal history—of his own regiment he is undoubtedly exact, while his personal adventures seem in the main true enough. But he possesses the dramatic instinct of the soldier. His stories usually end as a novelist would end them, not as episodes too often end in real life. In short, I have not the least doubt that in after life he supplemented, amplified, recast, and polished his fading reminiscences. Thucydides would have done the same; and French historians preserve the classical tradition. For instance, though the General is no Miles Gloriosus—he speaks of himself exactly as a soldier should—it is simply incredible that his promotion should have been so constantly deferred after so many feats of arms and tactical achievements as he describes. Moreover in critical situations every detail may perhaps have been stamped on his mind for ever, but this could hardly have been the case on ordinary occasions. Nor does he appear to have kept a continuous journal. For these and other reasons, it would be rash to rest upon his authority even as an eye-witness where he conflicts with other writers. As regards the events of which he only heard or read, the case is far stronger against him. No doubt his position as aide de camp to Angereau and Masséna afforded great opportunities, but beyond this a subaltern was hardly likely to know or understand much which passed far above his head. Later on as major and colonel he remained still the model regimental officer—he was neither politician, historian, nor philosopher. His knowledge of contemporary affairs was filtered through the rose-tinted Imperial glasses; save as to tactical details, he probably concerned himself little about such matters. In after life he amused his leisure by criticising as they appeared the various histories of the Napoleonic raids, and simply wove this reading into his personal reminiscences. Hence this element of his book is not true history at all, but second-hand compilation from histories, with reflections thereon. These reflections are often sagacious and nearly always sober and unprejudiced compared with such overpraised works as those of Thiers and Ségur. Nurtured in the Empire of Lies he is naturally at times prone to unconscious mendacity—for example, he ignores Talavera altogether, and is horrified at the "treachery," "disloyalty," and "ingratitude" to the beneficent Corsican of the German Tugenbund when they threw off the yoke—but though he never lived to recognise that his ten best years had been spent in brigandage, he seems to have harboured some heretical doubts as to the Imperial Idol. Allowance must also be made for age. Comparing the softly serious, amorous expression of the portrait of the young colonel of 1812 with that of Louis Philippe's general, one feels that the ingenuous bloom of youth has hardly survived service under four monarchs.

It is not then as history that these memoirs are so valuable, but as a record of the impression produced by contemporary events upon the mind of a typical soldier, a man of action, of practical aims, of singular proficiency in his own sphere, of warm sympathies, a man of sense, and a man of heart. The military student will pore over the careful descriptions of tactics, the novel reader will devour the picturesque and exciting episodes, but for others Baron Marbot himself will remain the chief attraction. They will add him to their Napoleonic gallery as one of the most interesting and perhaps the most respectable in that strange group of personalities which still fascinates our attention. In him we study the bright side of the French marauder; the dark side he keeps out of view because in truth national vanity hardly allowed these piratical adventurers to recognise their hideous identity. We throw upon Napoleon the burden of all the guilt and wrong which he presided over; it should be shared by each one of his willing tools. But however a wiser posterity may reprobate the insensate wickedness of these men, and despise their paltry aims and sordid policy, it can never be blind to their manly virtues, to their fearless enterprise, their matchless resource, their masterful pride, their jealous honour, their warmth of friendship, their furnace of hate, their gay endurance of hardship, the miracle of their unquenchable faith and hope. Among these men Marbot is a typical but in no way a solitary figure. There were thousands such as he, and it is their individual virtues and graces, and not the cheap tinsel of glory applied by patriotic historians, which alone can illumine the blackest page in the world's annals.

As a work of entertainment the memoirs can hardly be too much commended. There is a charm in the vigorous, animated style which is by no means lost in the translation. The opening chapters are by far the most valuable, and I marvel that Mr. Butler should have abridged the delightful details of family history in the first chapter. But there are scarcely half-a-dozen pages in the two large volumes which any reader would care to skip, and few that he will not dwell on with pleasure.

Y. Y.

RUSSEL OF 'THE SCOTSMAN.'

By One who Knew Him.

NEARLY sixteen years have passed since the death of Alexander Russel, editor of the *Scotsman*. Of course, there are many people still living who must remember him well; for in his day he was one of the most widely-known men in Scotland, and nobody who came into close or fre-

quent contact with him is likely to forget him. But those who knew him best have chanced or chosen to keep their recollections to themselves; the task of writing his biography still remains unperformed, and the difficulty of adequately discharging it has now become well-nigh insurmountable. So it has happened that an unmerited oblivion has overtaken the memory of one of the greatest of British journalists; for such, assuredly, Alexander Russel was. I do not think he was a great editor in the present-day sense of the term, or even in the sense in which the term was applied twenty years ago. For a long time before his death he had ceased to take, if, indeed, he ever took, an active share in the immediate control of the journal with which his name and fame were so closely associated. The business of detailed supervision, the organisation and direction of the staff, he left in other hands. He was not, then, a great editor in the way that John Delane was. But he inspired to the last, as he had at one time mainly expressed, the attitude of the *Scotsman* on all great public questions; and it was the invariable vigour and independence of that attitude, as well as the power, the humour, and the vivacity with which it was presented to the public, that won for Russel his place as a journalist, and gave him an individual reputation and influence such as no member of the Fourth Estate has enjoyed since his death, or, in all likelihood, will ever enjoy again.

When he was in the vein—and he generally was in the vein—he was, to my thinking, by far the most brilliant and trenchant leader-writer of his time. The secrets of his success in this line were, in the first place, his command of a singularly easy yet telling style and a rich vocabulary; in the second place, an inexhaustible stock of pawky Scottish humour; thirdly, his mastery of the art of satire; and last, but certainly not least, his immense store of knowledge, not merely of the whole range of modern British politics, but of the temperament, ways of thought, and sympathies of his countrymen. He had an intuitive perception of the best way in which to state his case, so that, whether his readers agreed with him or not, they should have a perfect understanding of his view, and should know also why he held it. Then he had a knack of so picking up and handling apparently trivial facts as to make them irresistible weapons against the adversary who had ignored or forgotten them. Of this it would be easy to supply many amusing illustrations. One will suffice. The late Dr. Begg, the well-known leader of the Conservative party in the Free Church, with whom in his time Russel broke many a lance, was rash enough to insinuate that the reason why the *Scotsman* paid more attention in its news-columns to theatrical performances than to sermons was a purely mercenary one, due to the greed of its conductors for advertisements. This gave Russel an opportunity of which he well knew how to take advantage. With well-dissembled gravity he entered into statistical details to prove that the advertisements of sermons, church services, and the like in the *Scotsman* were far more numerous and more important in the commercial sense than those of the theatres. He pointed out that the production of theatrical criticisms involved considerable trouble and expenditure, while it would be very cheap and easy, if it were only acceptable to the public, to fill the columns of the paper with reports of sermons. In short, he proved beyond the possibility of doubt that Dr. Begg's theory was totally opposed to the actual facts, and he followed up the demonstration with an outpour of genial banter which left every reader amused as well as convinced.

His satire could at times be very cutting, as those who were its subjects had only too much reason to know. When Colonel Campbell, of Blythswood, succeeded at heavy cost in carrying Renfrewshire at a bye-election against a Liberal candidate, Russel, in a memorable article, entered into an elaborate computation to show the precise expenditure per head at which the Colonel had secured his majority, and jingled the pounds, shillings, and pence about the Colonel's ears in a fashion that must have robbed him of much of the pleasure of his victory. But worse remained behind. Before Colonel Campbell could take his seat a general election came on, and he was beaten by the very man whom he had worsted a few months before. He did not take his defeat at all gracefully; he was so indiscreet as to show his resentment and mortification in public; and then Russel descended upon him with the most scarifying "leader" I ever remember to have read. There was not one word in it of anything like abuse; there was nothing on which the victim could have founded a legitimate complaint; yet every sentence must have stung him like the blow of a horse-whip. Indeed, the castigation was worse than any horse-whipping, for it was inflicted with all Scotland for an audience.

It was not often, however, that Russel wrote in this mood. He was almost always pungent, but as a rule there was no bitterness in his pungency; and so, while a great many people held his views in strong dislike, there was no personal animus against himself. They were proud of him; they relished his wit, even when it was directed against their own most cherished ideas; and they fathered upon him innumerable jokes and good stories, of many of which, it is likely, he had never heard in his life. Of the social qualities which endeared him to a wide circle of friends, I cannot speak from personal knowledge. But I know that in his intercourse with his journalistic assistants and subordinates—an intercourse which in his later years was very much restricted through his failing health and his fondness for country life—he was always kindly, considerate, and altogether devoid of starchiness or pretension. He had long given up night-work in the editorial sanctum. He either dictated his articles to a shorthand clerk or reporter, or sent them in, penned by his own hand, from his retreat on Tweed-side. In the latter case there was tribulation in the composing-room, for his handwriting was execrable—almost as undecipherable as that of his distinguished American contemporary, Horace Greeley. There were only two or three compositors in the office to whom the task of "setting up" his MS. could be prudently entrusted, and instances have occurred in which his scrawls have baffled all interpretation—his own included.

In addition to his other and higher qualifications as a leader-writer, Russel was blessed with a splendid memory. I can recollect a striking illustration of its power. In a "leader" he once sent in from his country seat, he had occasion to make a long quotation—extending to between twenty and thirty lines—from a speech of Sir Robert Peel's. The quotation was fully written out in his manuscript; but

in an accompanying note to the assistant-editor in charge, he said that he had reproduced it from memory, and requested that it should be collated from the text, which would be found in a certain volume of the 'Annual Register.' When the comparison was made, it was found that every word had been correctly given. It was this remarkable memory which, with the immense range of knowledge and experience acquired during more than thirty years of active journalism, made him so peculiarly formidable an antagonist in controversy. He was always ready with pertinent facts and illustrations, which he could present with masterly dexterity of statement, and illumine with continual pokes of fun at his adversary's expense.

Russel had, I believe, more than one opportunity of filling an editorial chair in London; but he judged wisely when he preferred to remain in Edinburgh. He would have distinguished himself in journalism anywhere; still he was a Scot to the back-bone, and it is certain that much of his power was derived from his profound insight into the character and his acquaintance with the feelings and sympathies of his fellow-countrymen. He was, in a sense, *ultimus Romanorum*. No other journalist since his time has impressed his own personality, to anything like the same extent, upon a great newspaper, and in view of the more minute division of labour necessitated by the breathless methods of present-day journalism, it is scarcely possible that the achievement should ever be repeated. The life-story of such a man is surely worth the telling. He ought to have some more articulate memorial than the rather grim-looking obelisk that towers above his grave in the beautiful Dean Cemetery at Edinburgh.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between April 15th and May 15th, 1892:—

LONDON, WEST CENTRAL.

1. Barrack-Room Ballads. Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Methuen.)
2. The Song of the Sword. W. E. Henley. 5s. net. (D. Nutt.)
3. Across the Plain. R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto.)
4. Nada the Lily. H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)
5. Cardinal Manning. A. W. Hutton. 6s. (Methuen.)
6. St. Katherine's by the Tower. W. Besant. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Life of Spurgeon from the Pulpit to the Palm Branch.
2. Haggard's Nada the Lily.
3. Stevenson's Across the Plains.
4. Doyle's A Study in Scarlet.
5. Jerome's The Stage.
6. Thompson's Dynamo Electro Machinery.

LIVERPOOL.

1. Spurgeon's Messages to the Multitude. Preachers of the Age Series. 3s. 6d. (Sampson Low and Co.)
2. Nada the Lily. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)
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4. Barrack Room Ballads. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)
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GLASGOW.

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3. Masson's Edinburgh Sketches.
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5. Messages to the Multitude. By Charles Haddon Spurgeon.
6. James Gilmour of Mongolia.

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5. English Social Reformers. Gibbins. 2s. 6d. (Methuen and Co.)
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1. Dickens' Oliver Twist. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
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Good and tasteful printing and binding assist the sale of books very greatly. Two in the above list—Barrack Room Ballads and Oliver Twist—are very beautifully printed, the former by Constable and the latter R. and R. Clark, Edinburgh. A bookseller has pleasure in handling and selling such fine specimens.

Dickens' works will now be more in demand, and booksellers will get rid of sets long on hand.

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And well-illustrated publications sell widely, showing that the public taste is improving. The Academy Pictures have sold rapidly, particularly Cassell's, the first and second parts of which were out of print in a few days after publication.

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NEW BOOKS.

BARRACK ROOM BALLADS.*

The Barrack Room Ballads make up rather more than a third of the volume; half the rest is in the vein that Mr. Kipling's readers know, and there are some experiments. The dedication to Wolcott Balestier is one of these. Like everything Mr. Kipling has written hitherto, it is sparkling and vigorous; it is sufficiently melodious and suggestive, and very disappointing. He seems to wish to play with Christian traditions like the Norse Sagamen. Their stories how Christ and St. Peter went about the world like Odin and Thor are amusing, and not really irreverent; the tellers more than half believed them. But who, when he reads of the glorious dead:

'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where Azrael's outposts are,
Or buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when God goes out to war,
Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-maned star,

can conjure up half the quarter of the ghost of a belief? If Mr. Kipling himself had any germ of a belief in the first two lines of his ringing triplet, could he have added the third? *Tomlinson* is another experiment, and a more successful one, though there, too, Mr. Kipling wastes much skill upon being brilliantly incredible:

"A spirit gripped him by the hair and carried him far away,
Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar of the Milky Way:
Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down and drone and cease."

At Hell-gate it is the same:

"And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw against the night
The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-mouth light;
And Tomlinson looked down and down, and saw beneath his feet
The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in Hell-mouth heat."

What an admirable way of saying what never ought to have been said. And all the rest is so horribly true. Tomlinson lived in Berkeley Square, a respectable, almost a distinguished life—all at second hand, for which reason he is shut out from Heaven and Hell. He had thought himself qualified for the one place because he had been on good terms with his clergyman; for the other because he had a mistress. When asked what good he had of his own:

"This I have read in a book," he said, "and that was told to me,
And this I have thought that another man thought of a Prince in Muscovy."

And when further pressed:

"O this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and this I have heard men say,
And this they wrote that another man wrote of a carl in Norroway."

His personal sins are like his attainments:

"Once I ha' laughed at the power of Love and twice at the grip of the Grave,
And thrice I ha' patted my God on the head that men might call me brave."
The Devil he blew on a brandered soul and set it aside to cool:—
"Do ye think I would waste my good pit-coal on the hide of a brain-sick fool?"

* * * * *

"Nay, this I ha' heard," quo' Tomlinson, "and this was noised abroad,
And this I ha' got from a Belgian book on the word of a dead French lord."

At last he is handed over to

Empusa's crew, so naked-new they may not face the fire,
And back they came with the tattered Thing, as children after play,
And they said: "The soul that he got from God he has bartered clean away.
We have threshed a stook of print and book, and winnowed a clattering wind
And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his we cannot find."

St: Peter had sent him away to the Devil:

"And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley Square uphold you, Tomlinson!"

The Devil sends him back to earth:

"And . . . the God that you took from a printed book be with you, Tomlinson!"

It is strange that a man who can write like that should think the crude pretentious cleverness of *Evarra and his Gods* or *The Sacrifice of Er-Heb* worth printing. Even *The Gift of the Sea*, musical and pathetic as it is, hardly rises above the very highest level of magazine poetry; *The Explanation* how Love and Death mixed their arrows when drinking at the tavern of Man's Life, is not so pretty but more personal; there is the flavour of bitterness, which is never absent long from Mr. Kipling's prose or verse. In this volume there is a good deal of spleen. Mr. Kipling is one of the penmen who takes the side of Captain Sword. *Tomlinson* is an earnest sermon on the emptiness of culture; *The Conundrum of the Workshops* is a jesting sermon on the emptiness of criticism; *Cleared*—a capital piece of railing, looks like a protest against the indispensable and insincere amenities of parliamentary life. If one agrees with it there is still the question, is it worth while to speak when you cannot act, or to think what is better unsaid? *An Imperial Rescript* will always be amusing, whether or no it turns out to be true that all state attempts to limit the hours of labour must fail, because the needs or ambitions of *pères de famille in esse* or *in posse* will always be too strong for class feeling. *The Rhyme of the Three Captains* and *The Ballad of the Clampherdown* are rhyming journalism, and the point of the first is not clear.

Five or six romantic poems, if *The Lament of the Border Cattle Thief* counts, are new in their way; Mr. Kipling has chosen to show what he could do with picturesque force and fluency, instead of the dry reserve that added so much to the effect of the grim pathos or the bitter jests of his prose tales of India. Something of the old irony lingers in *The King's Mercy* and *The King's Jest*, two anecdotes of the quaint shrewd tyranny of Abdhur Rahman, very well told, though the telling hardly helps us to think or feel more than a newspaper paragraph to the same effect; no doubt the subjects are poetical, and it takes a poet to find apt words for what a poetical subject makes us all think and feel, but there are poems which are a revelation. The immortal *Wee Willie Winkie* was a revelation in prose; we are reminded of him by the courage of the Colonel's Son in *The Ballad of East and West*, which is an exceedingly brilliant and successful poem, and we ought not to complain that the Afghan chief and the Colonel's Son are both as eloquent as Scott's Highlanders and Homer's heroes. We are reminded of Scott again in a stanza of *The Last Suttee*—

"All night the barons came and went,
The lords of the outer guard:
All night the cressets glimmered pale
On Ulwar sabre and Tonk jezail,
Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,
That clinked in the palace yard."

When Sir A. Lyall writes about the Rajpoots, the verse is pitched in a lower key, as if the writer was thinking more of his subject than his poem.

Mr. Kipling is all his inimitable self in *The Ballad of Boh Da Thone*—

"He crucified noble, he sacrificed mean,
He filled old ladies with kerosene:

While over the water the papers cried,
The patriot fights for his countryside!"

till a fat and frightened *Babu* in charge of a bullock train tumbled on him off a dray which the Boh attacked:

And twenty stone from a height discharged
Are bad for a Boh with a spleen enlarged.

So the *Babu* sent his head with a letter in exquisitely appropriate English to a captain who had once said he would give a hundred rupees for it, and it arrived in the honeymoon.

True or false, the average Thomas Atkins in the Barrack Room Ballads is a revelation, brawling, or fighting, or marching, making love to Mary Ann or dreaming of

* 'Barrack Room Ballads, and other Verses.' By Rudyard Kipling. (Methuen.)

Mandalay, preaching to the young recruit or bragging in a quiet way of the Widow of Windsor's party, or grumbling over camels in India and the disrespect paid in public-houses to the Queen's uniform, he is always unmistakably alive—much more so than Dibdin's Tom Bowling, though he was better company than Tom Atkins or the crew of the *Bolivar*. Both too often tempt us to say, "What heroes and what brutes"—that seems to be the one moral of *The Ballad of the Bolivar*. One sighs for Mulvaney and his mates. Still Mr. Atkins has a soul, he can appreciate Fuzzy Wuzzy, the Soudanese, and Gunga Din, the water-carrier, who dies in saving the soldier who bullied him:

> "I 'ope you liked your drink, sez Gunga Din.
> So I'll meet him later on
> At the place where 'e is gone—
> Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
> 'E'll be squatten on the coals,
> Giving drink to poor damned souls,
> And I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din."

There is nothing better than Gunga Din in a book that contains Tomlinson and Boh Da Thone.

G. A. SIMCOX.

THE ASCENSION AND HEAVENLY PRIESTHOOD OF OUR LORD.*

This is a welcome and well-timed contribution to Theology, valuable alike for its own intrinsic merits and also on account of the source from which it proceeds. The line of argument is, shortly, this: The Lord at His Ascension had not completed His work, rather He entered upon its most effective exercise, alike as Prophet, as Priest, and as King. Of these three functions, the Priestly is the primary. As Priest, it is His task to Offer, to Intercede, and to Bless; His offering being the surrender to the Father for service and for praise of the glorified human nature in which He has won His victories. But, further, to carry on His work on earth, He gives His Spirit to the Church, a Spirit which proceeding from One who bears Human Nature, is able to enter into the very heart of human nature and lift every part of it into a heavenly life. The Church then has to reproduce on earth Christ's work in Heaven; hence her function is primarily priestly; she is priestly in the consecration of her own life, priestly in her self-sacrifice for humanity, priestly in her worship. Hence her central act of worship is the Eucharist, which emphasises the thought of *offering*, and in which she receives the life which she has to reproduce.

Such a theme, worked out, as it is, with an exact interpretation of Holy Scripture, and with an earnest reality of tone, is specially valuable at the present time. To those who would merge the Church in the world, it emphasises her separateness, her consecration; she must always stand apart from and above the world, for her life is from heaven, and she has to represent Christ. Those who would see the main value of Church life in her philanthropic activities are reminded of the deeper truth that life precedes activity, that character must be the basis of all true work, that "she herself and not her work is the great mission to the world." Yet, at the same time, she becomes more efficient by becoming more human; the Spirit, proceeding from the Son of Man, raises human qualities to their highest power. Here is the truth in search of which others have left Christianity for a religion of Humanity.

But apart from the intrinsic value of the book, it is of good omen that it should come from a Scotch Presbyterian. The honest recognition of truth and saintly work in other bodies and in earlier ages, the bold language about the importance and nature of the Eucharist, the ennobling quickening of the doctrines of Justification by Faith and of the Atonement, are of happy augury for Scotland itself, and make the book an Eirenicon, which may well draw Christians into closer union.

The book is meant, primarily, for theologians, but lay readers will find it interesting and stimulating, especially the latter half, in which there is less of detailed interpretation. It falls perhaps a little between two stools, attempting too much to combine scientific speculation with moral and practical interests; or, again, to address at once believers and unbelievers. For instance, too much time is spent on the argument that a belief in the Ascension naturally follows on a belief in the Resurrection; too much or too little is devoted to a philosophical discussion of tangibility; and the last section about the Church's confessions is very loosely connected with the general subject. Why, again, does the author insist so much on denying that our Lord's Priesthood was Aaronic? He himself uses that priesthood to illustrate the Lord's work, and so did the writer of the Apocalypse, who has no mention of Melchizedek. Indeed, our main criticism of the book would be that the writer, in his eagerness to re-vindicate a half-forgotten truth, has over-played his part. The priestly element in the work both of Israel and of the Christ almost obscures the prophetic and kingly. Will Professor Milligan correct this want of balance by treating these elements in another volume with equal thoughtfulness, courage, and spirituality?

WALTER LOCK.

* 'The Ascension and Heavenly Priesthood of our Lord.' The Baird Lectures for 1891. By Professor Milligan. (Macmillan and Co.)

STUDIES IN SCOTTISH HISTORY.*

There is a freshness and a transparent power in most of these studies which will attract and fascinate many readers. Several of the papers have previously seen the light; but no one who happens to possess them in their earlier form will object to have them gathered together with some other kindred essays in this handy volume. At first sight there appears to be little connection between the two opening studies—Samuel Rutherford and Bloody Mackenzie—and the remaining part of the work; but it is soon discovered that Mr. Innes has not thrown his fragments together in any haphazard fashion. He traces the working of principles and theories in the seventeenth century in order to show their connection with events and theories of the nineteenth.

It must be stated, however, that his knowledge of history and its bye-ways is more wide than accurate. For example he says: "In that Worcester year Rutherford boiled down part of his divinity lectures into a very tough 'Disputatio Scholastica.'" But Rutherford was much too busy a man to waste his time boiling down lectures for any book a year after that book was published. Again, on an earlier page, 1643 appears for 1642, and 1651 for 1650. The following statement is strikingly inaccurate, and seems to show that the chronology of the seventeenth century has been hopelessly jumbled by Mr. Innes: "A few months after this last event [the battle of Dunbar], about Christmas of 1649, Charles Stuart, afterwards Charles II., appeared at St. Andrews, on his way to be crowned and to swear the covenant at Scone." It is hardly necessary to point out that, as the battle of Dunbar was fought on the 3rd of September, 1650, Christmas of 1649 could not possibly occur a few months after it; but in point of fact it was not in December, 1649, that Charles visited St. Andrews, it was in July, 1650, and he was not then on his way to be crowned at Scone. Another short extract may be taken from the paper on Rutherford, as it will serve the twofold purpose of exposing a double error, and at the same time explaining how such mistakes have been made. In speaking of Rutherford's pastoral work at Anworth, he says: "Rising at three in the morning to pre-occupy the day with study and prayer, he then passed out into his parish, so that men said of him forty years later, 'He seemed to be always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, always writing and studying.'" The quotation as to what men said of Rutherford's diligence is evidently taken from Dr. Bonar's "sketch," or some other modern source. In McWard's preface to the original edition of the 'Letters' the statement, besides being in more ample form, is applied to Rutherford's ministry at St. Andrews, not at Anworth. Those who complacently draw information from secondhand authorities must be content to pay the inevitable penalty of frequent inaccuracies; and these inaccuracies lead the reader to suspect other passages, which may possibly be immaculate. As a

* 'Studies in Scottish History,' chiefly Ecclesiastical. By A. Taylor Innes. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

specimen of the latter sort, one may be pardoned for doubting whether Fountainhall ever described Sir George Mackenzie as "the brightest Scotsman of his time." It is true that in the 'Chronological Notes,' edited by Sir Walter Scott, he is said to be "the brightest man in the nation," but that eulogium occurs in one of Milne's interpolations.

The sketch of Rutherford is certainly appreciative and kindly, but it may be questioned whether on one or two points it is altogether just. On the other hand, the portrait of Mackenzie is undoubtedly too flattering. Both characters, however, are skilfully analysed. Mr. Innes gives his reader a far clearer view of Mackenzie as a man of letters than Mr. Omond does; but one rises from the latter's account of the notorious Lord Advocate with a much fuller knowledge of the man as revealed in his actions. The third paper, which is entitled "The Question in Scotland Fifty Years Ago," presents an admirable delineation of the Disruption, at once concise and clear—a great and pleasing contrast to Buchanan's exhausting, if not exhaustive, "Ten Years' Conflict." The two papers which follow are "College Reminiscences." The first of these, "Edinburgh and Sir William Hamilton," is rather a juvenile production, scarcely worthy of a place in such a volume; but the other, "Edinburgh and Some of its Churchmen," dealing with such men as Rabbi Duncan, Principal Cunningham, and Dr. Candlish, is both interesting and valuable. The concluding papers on reconstruction and creed-subscription discuss, *inter alia*, such subjects as Dean Stanley's lectures on the Church of Scotland and the influence of the Moderates on Burns. Mr. Innes believes that Disestablishment must precede reconstruction, and insists on creed-revision. Even those who differ widely from him in ecclesiastical opinions will enjoy this work for the graces of its style, and will admire his apparently sincere attempts to deal fairly with controverted points, although they may not think that he has always succeeded.

D. H. FLEMING.

THE SISTERS.*

A blank-verse tragedy of modern life is a perilous venture. Mr. Swinburne has succeeded so far as success is possible, and his success serves to show the inherent hopelessness of the attempt. 'The Sisters' is nominally a tragedy because, according to the time-honoured rule, we find on the last page the inevitable "he dies" and "she dies," but the first four acts are properly genteel comedy. Here the poet has chosen the French horn of the dilemma, and instead of limiting his characters to set stage speeches, makes them talk more or less like modern talkers, with the result—still more absurd in English than in French—that the speakers seem always conspiring to piece together blank verse with their "How d'ye do's" and "good mornings." For instance :—

[*Anne*]—
"You stupid pair of school-boys! Really, Frank,
You should not let him. [*Frank*] *I* can't lick him, Anne;
We two—or you alone—might manage. [*Anne*] Why," etc.

These *banalités* ill beseem the Tragic Muse, nor can she dignify them by such periphrastic contortions as "half a pair of days." Still, on the whole, the conversations are fairly natural, save that on great occasions the actors of course have to soar into poetry far above the level of table talk; in short, to allow Mr. Swinburne to speak through their lips. Thus, in his loyalty to the Mahatma of the Lakes, he puts this compliment into the mouth of a young Waterloo hero—the scene is laid in 1816 :—

"What on earth
Can I or any man—could Wordsworth even—
Say that all England has not said. . . ."

Wordsworth may have been quoted by the heroes of Coomassie and Majuba Hill, but hardly by Waterloo men.

The construction is slight, but well considered; the plot, a veteran favourite. We have the old lovers' quartette: Reggie and Frank both love Mabel; Mabel and Anne both love Reggie. Reggie is poor, Frank is rich; the sisters are apparently as eligible as they are strangely beautiful. Sir Arthur sounds Reggie as to which he prefers :—

"Anne's chestnut shell, or Mabel's golden fire—
Her emerald eyes, or Anne's dark violets—eh?"

By "chestnut shell" the playful guardian was apparently alluding to her "nut," a slang term then much in vogue—a happy touch redolent of the period. However, somehow—probably to baffle the lady-novelists—Mr. Swinburne assigns the red hair and emerald eyes to the angel, and imbues the dark violets with the quintessence of belladonna and ratsbane. Frank withdraws his suit, and the happy lovers are wishful that he and Anne should keep company.

Not so. Private theatricals ensue—a play within a play—with a poison and dagger scene, of course by a coincidence reproducing as in Hamlet the real situation of the actors. Anne afterwards gets hold of a "Venetian flasket" of prussic acid with a view to suicide, but poisons the lovers instead, and on receiving their dying forgiveness retires behind the scenes to finish the bottle, and—that is all. This crude analysis hardly does justice to the art with which the poet has concealed the leanness of the plot and led up to the melodramatic catastrophe. Nevertheless as a drama it is wholly, inevitably unsatisfactory, and would have gained by being transformed into its obviously natural form, a narrative poem. Regarded as such its merits are what we have a right to expect from a real poet. It is full not only of melodious verse, but of lofty and sonorous poetry; some passages, indeed, come as near Shakespeare as any which this century has produced or will. The too frequent allusions to school days is an error of judgment, but Mr. Swinburne silences any cavils by his noble praise of Wellington, that glorious name now so seldom on the lips of degenerate Britons. Thus he draws the contrast—

[*Anne*]—
"They say that none of you who have followed him
Love him as Frenchmen love Napoleon. [*Reg*] No,
How should they? No one loves the sun as much
As drunken fools love wildfires when they go
Plunging through marsh and mire and quag and haugh
To find a filthy grave."

Among fifty passages which lend themselves to quotation the following has a true Shakespearian ring :—

"This way she went—the nightingales which heard
Fell silent, and the loud-mouthed salt sea wind
Took honey on his lips from hers, and breathed
The new-born breath of roses. Not a weed
That shivers on the storm-shaped line of shore,
But felt a fragrance in it, and put on
The likeness of a lily."

In parting let me cull for contrast one other flower as fair as any in the garden of our latterday poesy :—

"No. But when death comes in—and leaves behind
A child for pledge and for memorial, love
Must naturally feel more—I want the word;
More of a call upon it—not a claim—
A sort of blind and dumb and sweet appeal
Out of the dark, and out of all the light
That burns no more, but broods on all the past—
A glow-worm on a grave."

Y. Y.

* 'The Sisters.' A tragedy. By Algernon C. Swinburne. (Chatto and Windus.)

MR. HENLEY'S NEW POEMS.*

For once THE BOOKMAN comes in at the end of the fair—a Donnybrook Fair in Mr. Henley's case. He has trailed his coat, and at once the air has been filled with shillelaghs and war-whoops, and the critics have tumbled over one another in their eagerness to plant a resounding whack or administer an artful dig or prod to tickle the ribs of this bellicose poet.

"Then, then, it comes home to the heart that the top of life
Is the passion that burns the blood in the act of strife."

As he is better at hitting than guarding, he has taken a good deal of punishment, but it is wonderful how sound a carcase he carries out of the fray. The clothes in which he masquerades as the champion of the Will and the Law have been torn off his back in the mellay, but the skin of the artist remains practically intact. Some of Mr. Henley's poems, notably the 'London Voluntaries,' have been unreservedly praised on all hands.

* 'The Song of the Sword, and other Verses.' By W. E. Henley. (London: David Nutt.)

For my own part, waiving all questions of the Will and the Law and the wisdom of trying to make acrid political partisans of these mighty abstractions, I must avow myself an uncompromising admirer of these poems as poems. Even when the inspiration is manifestly polemical, as in the 'Song of the Sword,' which gives the title to the volume, the political journalist forgets himself in the artist. The Sword is a most swaggering blade. Its brag at moments rises to an intolerably provoking pitch.

"Arch-anarch, chief builder,
Prince and evangelist,
I am the will of God:
I am the Sword."

"No," one feels inclined to retort, "you are not the Sword at all; you are the Ancient Pistol." But in the midst of all its vapouring, what is undeniable to my mind is that the Sword does really sing: the poem is a veritable song of the Sword; its vaunts are musical, and at the worst have a kind of drunken coherence in perfect artistic keeping with the egotist's character. If the Sword were not defiant and provoking and intoxicated with a sense of its own divine origin and importance in the world, its song would not be a true 'Song of the Sword.'

In the 'London Voluntaries,' which have won so much praise, Mr. Henley is far away from all disturbing controversial matter. I take it that the subject of these poems has had something to do with their immediate acceptance, for the writer's art is equally good throughout. It is the simplest of subjects generically, the Weather, the four Seasons, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and Spring. But how fresh and original in conception, profound in feeling, and masterly in execution. Nobody before has sung the Seasons as London feels them at their intensest extremes of good and bad, the charm of a Midsummer Night's drive, of a golden autumnal afternoon, the horror of a Midwinter Fog, the joy of May sunshine in Piccadilly. The immediate and universal acceptance of these poems is a sign that they will live. They impress at once, and the more closely one studies them the more one is convinced that they have it in them to become classic. The metre is irregular in the sense of not following any of the great recognised staves, irregular also in allowing itself considerable freedom in length of verse and number of unaccented syllables. But it is not lawless; the author's respect for Law is practically shown here as elsewhere. The rhythm is firm and steady, according well with the grandiosity of the sentiment; and imposing masses of it are accumulated in the five-accent lines to which our ears are so accustomed as the expression of energetic feeling. Mr. Henley's 'Voluntaries,' in short, are an artistic triumph, which the combined simplicity of theme and novelty and energy of thought permit everybody at once to appreciate.

In none of his 'Rhymes and Rhythms' has Mr. Henley hit upon a subject of such ample substance and universal appeal as this. Hence they have rather the appearance of a series of exercises or experiments in verse. Mr. Henley's command of difficult rhymes has been amply demonstrated before, and the chief interest of the new collection lies in his experiments with unrhymed verses. I have no private knowledge of Mr. Henley's intentions, but it looks as if the object of these unrhymed forms, in which poets so different as Matthew Arnold and Walt Whitman are his most conspicuous predecessors, were to fix a fleeting impression, fancy, or "conceit" in its original freshness and entirety, unmodified by the intrusion and admixture of the casual suggestions of rhyme, to capture the first fine careless rapture pure and unadulterated. The absence of rhyme is made up for by a sonorous elevation and richness of style, strong enough to buoy up a daring realism of word and idea. In these unrhymed metres Mr. Henley is, to my ear, always more or less successful, often splendidly so. Most successful undoubtedly he is the nearer he comes to our normal blank verse. Our ears are not yet accustomed to such tumbling two-accent verses as the following, though they are energetic enough and we may grow to like them:—

"Old Indefatigable,
Time's right-hand man, the sea
Laughs as in joy
From his millions of wrinkles
Laughs that his destiny,
Great with the greatness
Of triumphing order,
Shows as a dwarf
By the strength of his heart
And the might of his hands.

Master of masters,
O maker of heroes,
Thunder the brave
Irresistible message:—
'Life is worth living
Through every grain of it,
From the foundations
To the last edge
Of the corner-stone, death.'"

These verses have a rhythm, an undeniable swing which we catch up with pleasure enough on a second or third reading, but they are not so immediately effective as these others, where the familiar heroic line of blank verse helps us.

"The wistful stars
Shine like good memories. The young morning wind
Blows full of unforgotten hours
As over a region of roses. Life and Death
Sound on—sound on. . . . . And the night magical,
Troubled yet comforting, thrills
As if the Enchanted Castle at the heart
Of the wood's dark wonderment
Swung wide his valves and filled the dim sea-banks
With exquisite visitants:
Words fiery-hearted yet, dreams and desires
With living looks intolerable, regrets
Whose voice comes as the voice of an only child
Heard from the grave: shapes of a Might-Have-Been—
Beautiful, miserable, distraught—
The Law no man may baffle denied and slew."

Or again:—

"Like the forgetfulness
Of the work-a-day world made visible,
A mist falls from the melancholy sky;
A messenger from some lost and loving soul,
Hopeless, far wandered, dazed
Here in the provinces of life,
A great white moth fades miserably past.

Through the trees in the strange dead night,
Under the vast dead sky
Forgetting and forgot, a drift of Dead
Sets to the mystic mere, the phantom fell,
And the unimagined vastitudes beyond."

An unrhymed metre that preserves an impression so powerfully as this, fully justifies its existence. But if I begin to quote and analyse, I shall quickly pass all reasonable limits. The one striking success of the little volume, matter and manner combined, is the 'London Voluntaries,' but there is hardly a poem in it that is not worth commenting on, because everywhere there is purpose, originality, and power.

W. MINTO.

MR. WILDE'S POETRY.*

Mr. Wilde, aided by his publisher, has sent a very exquisite volume into the world. To descant on its iris-coloured binding, the design of the seven trees, the paper, and the type, were a grateful task. But, alas, there are obligations on admirers of these to penetrate farther than the cover and the title-page. Those who read Mr. Wilde's verse some years ago, and whose impressions of it have grown dim, and those who have never read any of it before at all, will probably be alike surprised if they read through these collected poems that the author has thought fit to clothe so sumptuously. The paradoxes, the subtleties, that cling about Mr. Wilde's prose are not here. Indeed, judging it by the standard of present-day minor verse, one is struck by the lack of even an average power of expression. Of course there are pretty things in the book, but one is reduced to some such adjective when one wants to praise, and the pretty things are mostly commonplace. There is dignity in some of the lines of 'The New Helen,' in 'At Verona,' and in a stanza or two of 'Humanitad,' notably the one beginning, "Being ourselves the sowers and the seeds." The best of all is the frankly sensuous "Charmides." But

* 'Poems.' By Oscar Wilde. (Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane.) 15s.

every now and again the reader is pulled up breathlessly by a certain fatuity of expression, by words of such inherent weakness as must bring down utterly any structure of which they form a part. For instance, in the 'Sonnet to Liberty' —an ignoble one, by-the-bye—

"And yet
These Christs that die upon the barricades,
God knows it I am with them, *in some things.*"

The italics are not Mr. Wilde's. Or in the 'Libertatis Sacra Fames'—

"I love them not whose hands profane
Plant the red flag upon the piled up street
For no right cause."

Of course not. Or in 'The Burden of Itys'—

"So sad that one might think a human heart
Brake in each separate note, *a quality*
Which music sometimes has."

It is not being over critical to object to such lines as

"Ah! there is something more in that bird's flight
Than could be tested in a crucible";

while

"Her hair is bound with myrtle leaves
(Green leaves upon her golden hair)"

sounds like one of the late Mr. Calverly's parodies. Where was Mr. Wilde's artistic sense when he admitted a trifle like 'Impression du Matin,' which is but studio slang, or where his sense of humour when he penned his lines in 'Theoretikos,' with this climax—

"Wherefore in dreams of Art
And loftiest culture I would stand apart,
Neither for God nor for His enemies."?

Some of the more harmonious verse sounds like a weak remembrance of larger words. Indeed, Mr. Wilde, who is nothing if not appreciative of the classics, is continually calling on Milton to lend him his pen. Keats likewise he pays homage to, but who or what is served by such a schoolboy line as, "O poet-painter of our English land!"? And why should the eternal facts and probabilities be violated by a statement like, "Tears like mine shall keep thy memory green"?

The religious poems are not blasphemous: they are merely impertinent. It is significant of the artificial, albeit low-pitched tone of the whole, that when a few words do break out of real passion or solemnity, they all but jar on the reader, who is at first inclined not to take them seriously. It were unjust so to treat the introductory poem, 'Hélas!' It is a song of regret for the unaccomplished, intimate and remorseful.

"Lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance,
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?"

A few more such lines and Mr. Wilde would expiate many of his sins of verse. G-Y.

Q.'S NEW VOLUME.*

Why does not Q. date these stories? It is not fair to the critic, if the critic happens to be sufficiently interested in his work to wish to study its development. Some ten or a dozen years ago a minor poet published a volume of verses with the exact date of composition obligingly affixed to each. This was thoughtful and considerate, and every author who takes himself seriously would do well to follow so excellent an example. Mr. Couch has at divers times and in sundry places proclaimed his distrust of critics, but in his case to neglect to indicate the date of composition, or by the mode of publication render that date uncertain, is to put the critic at an unfair disadvantage. For one main interest in his work is that it gives promise and hope of larger development. His work is excellent as it stands: no living man of his years has shown stronger powers in fiction; but we still look for better things, and it is a matter of interest to trace his upward progress. Most novelists fall at once into a definite and distinctive line. They hit the public taste, as it is said, with a vein of humour or a class of subject, and whether because this exactly suits their powers or because the public will take nothing else from them, they go on as they have begun. But Q., though each separate story is a definitely conceived and thoroughly executed piece of artistic work, is still so unclassifiable that some will have it that he is only an imitator, or at best an emulator, capable of equalling or beating several masters on their own ground, but without any ground of his own. We do not share this view, but if we are asked in what direction he is tending, we are perplexed by the absence of any clear indication of what he has written last.

There is no such indication in the collection of Winter's Tales now published. They are powerful stories, of varied and absorbing interest, but only one of them, the last in the volume, 'The Disenchantment of 'Lisabeth,' a story of a humble countrywoman who sternly discards her lover when she discovers his unworthiness, at the same time sacrificing her own interests in his behalf, is in that vein of heroic realism which Mr. Couch has recently taught us to regard as his chosen province. The others are tales of wonder and fantastic invention. One of them, 'The Two Householders,' another excerpt from the life of Gabriel Foote, Highwayman, in which humour is strangely blended with ghastly horrors, we are disposed to regard as Mr. Couch's masterpiece in that vein. 'I saw Three Ships,' which gives the title to the volume, has appeared before as a Christmas Tale in a periodical. But for its villain, a peculiar mixture of magnanimity and malignity characteristic of Mr. Couch's villains, this story, which occupies half the book, might be classed among his realistic studies. Whether his rustics are true to nature or not must be determined by some one more familiar with the Cornish peasant than the present reviewer, but at least their talk is delightfully amusing and charmingly consistent. Those who have not yet made the acquaintance of Q. as a story-teller could find no more convincing specimen of his wit and pictorial force. The volume, as a whole, will strengthen his reputation, but it still leaves the impression that he has it in him to do better.

W. MINTO.

* 'I saw Three Ships, and other Winter's Tales.' By Q., author of 'The Splendid Spur,' 'Noughts and Crosses,' etc. (Cassell and Co.)

MISS FALKLAND.*

If Miss Black could only write amusing stories it would be no great distinction. So many people do that nowadays. But there is a special point of interest about this volume, a special attraction, say, for the traveller by rail, or the conscientious person who putting his hand to a book is ill at ease if he do not go through with it to the end. There are six stories and, at least, six distinct flavours. There is the pathetic, the farcical, the old-fashioned romantic, the tragic, the weakly sentimental, and the dissecting-room ghastly. This is a better certificate to award the tales than to say they are all good, which they are not. 'A Long Day' is as wearisome as anything suggested by its title. 'In a London Street' is feeble. The first story, 'Miss Falkland,' is a clever and sympathetic study of a girl forced by a rascally father to appear, and almost to be, an adventuress. The falseness of her position is aggravated by a cruel hoax which is perpetrated on her. At the despairing point comes the rescuer. But we prefer 'Captain Lackland,' with its high-flown romance in the last century style. The captain is a Lovelace of a finer grain, gallant in love and war, of fascinating manners and more than doubtful honesty, who is brought to a sense of repentance by the austere little Clarissa, Dorothy Marlowe, the beauty of Rosedale village. There is a real old world scent about the story, yet no stilted effort after faithfulness of phraseology. Perhaps the most powerful is the sketch called 'Moonlight and Floods.' The picture of the man and woman on the roof watching the water creeping up to their destruction, is intensely real, though spoilt now and again by a bizarre and even a ridiculous note. If Miss Black has any more uncollected stories as good as these, it would be worth her while to gather them into another volume.

THE SINNER'S COMEDY.†

"John Oliver Hobbes" had some success a short time ago with her story in the 'Pseudonym Library,' called

* 'Miss Falkland, and other Stories.' By Clementina Black. (Lawrence and Bullen.) 6s.

† 'The Sinner's Comedy.' By John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin.) 3s. 6d.

'Some Emotions and a Moral.' It deserved notice, and it was not likely to be ignored, for the cynicism, the audacity, the smartness that were its characteristics, are qualities dear to a large number of very appreciative readers who will forgive anything but tameness. 'The Sinner's Comedy' is better both in its fulfilment and in its promise for the writer's future. Still, it belongs to the books which are called "very clever" and then cast aside. As the writer begins by defying the Unities and owning only the Incomprehensibles, Man, Woman, and Destiny, it is useless to speak of certain flaws of construction, or point to the loose ends that are lying aimlessly about the story. These are part of the Comedy, of course. It is an original little book, which does not in the least prevent much of it cynicism, its observation, its mannerism from being second-hand. The second-handness is so frank. "When his brother was oppressed with gloom to think how few people he knew who were sufficiently moral to dine with, Robert reminded him that the most interesting sinners usually preferred a supper." And again, "He was an Unspeakable man; and having endured all things she left him. It was a bad beginning, but two years' companionship with the Impossible had taught her to bear the Necessary with patience." Or, "Anna was not born, she was made; she had no inherited prejudices, only a consciousness of privilege; she was used to the wilderness, and snuffed up the wind at her pleasure." Or, "Mr. Digby Vallence was a gentleman of some fame, who had translated Theocritus out of honesty into English, discovered a humourist in Jeremy Taylor, and, in his leisure, bred canaries. His celebrated paradox, 'There is nothing so natural as Art,' was perhaps even more famous than he." This style isn't kept up continuously, and sometimes when the effervescence has gone off, the book is a trifle flat.

Anna Christian, the most interesting sinner, had the look of Vittoria Colonna. She was an artist, and supported her husband as well as herself, the husband being an actor and a villain—the Unspeakable, in short. She was adored by Sir Richard Kilcoursie, a man with a fine appetite for the piquant pleasures of life, and by a delightful Dean. And yet it was her drunken husband who closed her eyes in death.

The writer has a dry and biting humour, a pretty touch sometimes, and an eye for the pathetic. Her talents will manifest themselves more powerfully some day, when she has more thoroughly assimilated her Meredith, and outlived her ambition to write dreadfully wicked things.

NADA THE LILY.*

Mr. Haggard's taste for carnage grows. On a rough calculation, some thousands of people die violent deaths in this gently-named story. Slaughter is the one business of the book, and it is carried out with such zest that the stage is left as empty as at the close of Hamlet. About the middle Mr. Haggard gets weary of killing singly or by scores, and with a fierce impulse to slay more, he digs a huge pit and allows a whole tribe to fall into it, leaving it crammed to the top like one of the plague-pits of London. Give him time and he will depopulate Africa. Already he must have decimated the southern tribes. If the three draughts of Thor did not empty the ocean, they made low tides along the coast of Norway. The characters, good and bad alike, are all bloodthirsty. Chaka, the Zulu chief, who in the course of an active life "slew over a million of human beings," is a person after Mr. Haggard's heart, and it is with sincere regret that he dismisses him to the shades, to make way for Dingaan, who kills rather fewer. For a hero of the name of Umslopogaas it is difficult to feel much enthusiasm, but Galazi, the leader of the ghost-wolves, has a certain rude splendour. Just before his death he strikes an attitude and shouts, "I have made me a mat of men to sleep on." It is provoking to find that the ghost-wolves are really hyænas. The fidelity of Deathgrip loses its charm when we discover from the preface that he was a mere hyæna. As for Nada, she is the cause of most of the killing, and though her fate is cruel, we acquiesce in it. She lives too long for our pity, for by page 282 we have supped full of horrors and are callous. Her beauty was great, and as in one picture her hair is short and woolly and in another long and silken, she probably improved it with the help of art. As a picture of a wretched country at the most wretched period of its history, the book has great power. The chapter describing the hunt of the witch-doctors is equal in weird terror to the best that Mr. Haggard has written. But setting aside the slaughter, he leaves us almost nothing to criticise. He is the Marat of English fiction—if only sixty thousand heads would satisfy him. In a country struggling with the problem of over-population he would reach the highest offices of State.

* 'Nada the Lily.' By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans. 1892.)

AT THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

DIARY OF A READER.

May 3rd.—Mr. Gissing's new story has been sent to me. It is a concentration of all the nausea of life. 'New Grub Street' was cheerful and light-hearted by the side of 'Born in Exile.' The pictures are painted in tones of black and leaden grey. There is nothing in them to relieve the monotony of gloom. Perhaps it is the most frankly hopeless book ever thrust on a happy-go-lucky world. It rests like a shadow on you while you are reading; it is as ashes in your mouth; and then you revolt utterly from all it has to say or to show you. It is written in Mr. Gissing's harshest style, but it bears the mark everywhere of his peculiar and painstaking genius. Godwin Peak, who stands to the book in the place of a hero, has refined instincts and a keen appreciation of the privileges attaching to birth, breeding, and money. Yet he is born in the exile of respectable poverty. By force of brain he makes his way in the world, but the enchanted halls—*i.e.*, the middle-class villas—will not open unto him. Yet his manners are not plebeian, they only betoken unsociability and bad temper. Although he is a militant freethinker, he determines to worm his way into the favour of a highly respectable family by preparing to take orders. In the plan of his duplicity, he proves himself to be a cad of the first water, but the girl whose affections he has gained doesn't throw him over altogether when he is found out, though she has never the courage to choose him finally in opposition to family pressure. So he is sent adrift again, to renew his search, in foreign hotels, for a link between himself and elegance. He dies, pitifully enough, in exile. Full of power the book is, without doubt, but to admire through three long volumes the force that created so antipathetic a figure as Godwin Peak is too great a strain.

The foolishest optimism would come as a relief afterwards. Second in my batch was 'Virginie's Husband,' not foolish, certainly, but excessively young ladylike in tone. A very practical *mariage de convenance* is pitted against an ideal of romantic love, but by a pretty comedy of errors the *mariage de convenance* and the romance have the same hero and heroine. There is the château with its proud and impecunious inhabitants, all of the old régime, but with a keen sense of the value of republican coins, and there is the self-made millionaire, altogether of the new school, yet willing to bid high for an alliance with blue blood. To the negotiations, contracts, and misunderstandings, old parks and gardens where high-souled youths and maidens wander, form a pretty back-ground.

With these came also an entertaining volume of stories—'The Mystery of a Studio.' The 'Mystery' is highly melodramatic. It tells of a murder in the Cenci Palace under horrible circumstances, the wrongful accusation of an artist, who thinks, in the madness he is reduced to, he may have done the deed, instigated by the eyes of the beautiful Beatrice on the wall. The mystery is unravelled by the aid of a friendly ruffian Beppo, who soon after is murdered by the secret Monachetti. The other tales are not so high-pitched. They are American and Mexican pictures of adventure and of society, and at least half-a-dozen of them are amusing.

I suspect a purpose in Mrs. Bennett-Edwards' 'The Unwritten Law,' but except that it has to do with the marriage laws, I am not very sure what it is. Apart from the purpose—if it exists—the story is a good one. The characters are unconventional, and they have a tendency to pose, yet the book makes a strong appeal for mercy in that it is "only a little one."

May 10th.—Mrs. Fenwick Miller has written a book, 'In Ladies' Company,' for those who like biography better than fiction, and who think real life more interesting than dreams.

I hardly think I am one of those to whom she appeals when I read such chapter headings as "A Genius Wasted" and "Only a Satellite." But apart from the prosing, of which there is too much, I think the ladies' company very agreeable. They are a strange band to be within the same book cover, Mary Seton, the Duchess of Berri, and Ida Pfeiffer, etc.

When Miss M. B. Edwards writes a story there is always a new situation in it and a certain liveliness too, that is three parts good humour. 'The Gentlewoman's Library,' which has been devoting itself to health and athletics and society, has done an inappropriate and felicitous thing in publishing Miss Edwards' 'Two Aunts and a Nephew.' Plot there is none, but much piquancy and humour in the situation. The aunts are elderly English ladies, of good birth and most unimpeachable respectability. They have brought up a nephew, who is now at the awkward age between school and college. The ladies' chief desire is to extend his experience, to give him large views of life. They aid and abet him in escapades during their tour in France. Opportunities for experience present themselves, bringing trouble in their track as well as education. But the good ladies remain trustful and large-minded as ever.

In deference to colonial feeling, we have even to read colonial novels now-a-days. 'Mount Desolation,' by Mr. Dawe, is one of the most recent from Australia. The story does not belie its title. It is hopeless all through. It doesn't begin in a promising fashion, but when the tame preliminaries are over all that outlawry, robbery, revenge, and murder can do to brighten it up is done. And indeed Stamford's leap is a thrilling incident.

Mr. Baring-Gould has filled another book with his extraordinary inhabitants of S.W. England. The central figure of his new story, 'In the Roar of the Sea,' is a certain "Curll Coppinger." I have no doubt the real person that bore that name was eccentric enough, but the portrait of him here goes beyond the necessities even of melodrama. He has for a time a semi-recognised place in county society as a person of property, himself and his property being of unknown origin. Otherwise he is a bully and a coward, a smuggler, a robber, a cut-throat, a wrecker, and he loves Judith Trevisa (whose eyes were lustrous as the backs of flies, and whose hair was like "luminous, molten copper") to distraction. The basis of him is Heathcliff, but there is a thick coating of vulgar crime overlying. He has gone through a marriage ceremony with Judith, or a bit of one, for she refused to sign the register, or to own him as her husband. From the midst of the fire in which he loses his life he forces from her an oath she will sign it. Thus all his property is secured to the heroine, and with a halo of disinterestedness round him he is burnt to a cinder. Neither Coppinger nor his more harmless neighbours are human beings. They are natives of a world known only to Mr. Gould, and their conduct is a constant series of surprises.

'A Waking,' by Mrs. J. Kent Spender, is a study of character. The heroine, Zina, has had the misfortune to be educated after a fashion that does not agree with her temperament. We gather that towards the end she emancipates herself from early influences, and is happier in consequence. Her lot brings her into contact with uncommonly disagreeable men—her father, lover, and husband. During her temporary escape from domestic troubles she attains, by that rapid path known only to popular novelists, a marvellous success as an artist. There are some pathetic glimpses given of the literary career of Mary Carruthers, a pot-boiling novelist, who supports her husband, a retired Scotch professor, and a hungry family.

Mr. Barry Pain's new book, 'Stories and Interludes,' is a distinct success. The first and second pieces, notably "The Glass of Supreme Moments," are perhaps the most successful (I like best a little story of a young couple), but there is nothing in the volume absolutely trivial, and the verse has hints of even greater power than appears anywhere in the prose. Mr. Pain is a little too apt to rattle the Egyptian skeleton, which is present at all our feasts. He must not think we ever forget it, though we do not speak of it or turn our eyes its way, though we even eat and drink and make merry under its shadow.

May 24th.—Mrs. Sala must be an excellent observer. She was perhaps bound to be uniformly appreciative of the people she describes in 'Famous People I Have Met,' as they are living and walking about in our midst to-day. But she makes up for any lack of piquant criticisms by the abundance of her information, which would be a fortune to a diner-out at remote dinner-tables. I ought to send a copy to my cousin Prudence, who nurses her reverence for celebrities in the solitudes of Cumberland.

A volume, the second of two, has just fallen out of my hands, rousing me from a very gentle slumber. But I swear I read to the end. And it provoked pleasant dreams. It is called 'The King's Favourite.' There is a historical background, rather befogged, it is true, and only now and again the vague mention of an incident marks the time and place. The personages are dreamers, idealists, martyrs, and have beautiful names, Prospero, Tristram, Simona, etc. You are never quite sure what they are about, but their conversation is very restful, and their movements most dignified.

'A Cavalier's Lady' is a historical romance of the Isle of Wight. Visitors please note. The most interesting thing about it to my mind is the headings to the chapters, such as "Deck yourselves with the roses of To-day. To-morrow is too often the Nevermore of To-day." These headings are not given as from "Old Play," but signed, in a straightforward fashion, Author. What an excellent plan for using up loose ends of "copy"! There is an interesting and high-born pirate in the book, and Cromwell makes his appearance. Of him we are assured, "Butchery lay behind those heavily developed eyelids."

LIST FOR BOOK CLUBS.

THEOLOGY.

Rossetti's Face of the Deep.

HISTORY.

Armstrong's Elizabeth Farnese.
Froude's Spanish Story of the Armada.
Gardner's New Chapters in Greek History.
Taylor Innes' Studies in Scottish History.
Oman's Byzantine Empire.

BIOGRAPHY.

Davidson's Life of Aristotle.
Hughes' Life of Loyola.
Hutton's Cardinal Manning.
Martin's Diaries of Sir D. Gooch.
Saintsbury's Lord Derby.
Wilkin's Autobiography of an English Gamekeeper.

TRAVEL.

Churchill's Men, Mines, and Animals of South Africa.
Pratt's To the Snows of Thibet through China.
Thomas' Scamper through Spain and Tangier.

POETRY.

Henley's Song of the Sword.
Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads.
Swinburne, The Sisters.

FICTION.

Black's Miss Falkland.
Davis' Van Bibber.
Dawe's Mount Desolation.
Dowling's Catmur's Caves.
Edwards' Two Aunts and a Nephew.
Fletcher's Mystery of a Studio.
Gissing's Born in Exile.
Haggard's Nada the Lily.
Hobbes' Sinner's Comedy.
Knight's In Fool's Paradise.
Merriman's Slave of the Lamp.
Pain's Stories and Interludes.
Parry's Story of Dick.
Q.'s I saw Three Ships.
Ward's David Grieve, 1 vol. ed.
Wood's Esther Vanhomrigh, 1 vol. edition.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Castle's Schools and Masters of Fence, new edition.
Masson's Edinburgh Sketches.
Miller's In Ladies Company.
St. G. Mivart's Essays and Criticisms.
Sala's Famous People I have Met.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

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The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

The criticisms of 'Wuthering Heights' were, on the whole, very good indeed. In the best ones there was no lack of independence; the appreciation was discriminating, and the criticism to the point. In a few cases the style, too, was excellent. The chief faults were (1) criticism of details rather than of the book as a whole; (2) evidence of the book having been merely skimmed; (3) long apologetic introductions, modest generally, but irrelevant; (4) attempts to draw moral lessons from impossible materials. Carelessness in composition, however, determined the low place of a few essays that were not lacking in judgment and intelligence.

After the papers had been examined, the Editor placed the five best in the hands of Professor Minto, of Aberdeen University, who kindly undertook to make the final selection. He commended all of them, but pronounced in favour of the criticism sent by "M.S.,"

Miss CAMPBELL,
1, Park Crescent,
Ayr, N.B.,

to whom we have much pleasure in awarding the prize.

The other papers examined by Professor Minto were sent by Mr. Percy Walkden, Royston, Cambs.; Mr. G. Frankland, Shepherd's Bush, W.; Miss I. M. Gilchrist, Sheffield; and Miss M. K. Scott Moncrieff, Edinburgh.

Competitors whose *noms de guerre* appear in A or B may feel assured that their criticisms were judged to be excellent; if in C or D, at least, creditable.

Class A.—The five already mentioned; Aliquis (Folkestone); A. Marston (Hampstead); Care (Pollokshields); Chrusothemis (Nottingham); R. J. Z. (Thurso); T. R. C. (Liverpool); Xenos (Glasgow).

Class B.—Thomas Bernard (Manchester); C. (Rugby); Dawn (Ashby-de-la-Zouch); G. F. R. A. (Edinburgh); Lux (Pollokshaws); Psyche (Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester); Scriptor (Totnes); Themista (Forfar).

Class C.—A. R. (Paisley); A. S. (Burslem); Café Noir (Dawlish); East Wind (Wick, N.B.); Eleri (Pontypridd); Epsilon (Kingstown, Ireland); Felix (Cambridge); M. Gatward (Hitchin); Gax (Aberdeen); G. J. (Chancery Lane, W.C.); Hamlet (Shotley Bridge); J. C. (Tain, N.B.); J. W. F. (Nottingham); Jonathan Joker (Hampstead, N.W.); Judy (Eastbourne); Kelpie (North Shields); Collingwood Knight (Birkenhead); Λέων (Tetsworth, Oxon); L. P. (Coventry); Lyra (Dairsie, N.B.); M. R. E. (Bonnybridge, N.B.); M. V. G. H. (Brixton, S.W.); Masp (Mayfair, W.); N. M. (Birmingham); James Riley (Sheffield); W. F. L. (Edinburgh).

Class D.—Art (Tufnell Park, N.W.); Balma (London, S.W.); Daughter of Heth (Birkenhead); J. Eglinton (Stroud Green, N.); G. W. C. (Edinburgh); H. P. W.; H. S. (Whitehall, S.W.); Hulta (Aberdeen); J. E. (Edinburgh); J. H. B. (Wandsworth, N.B.); M. H. T. (Newtown, N. Wales); O. V. S. (Cambridge); R. M. O. (Bexley Heath, Kent); R. T. M. (Inverness); Sandgate (South Kensington).

The essays of the remaining contributors were not classified.

We give in full the essay of the successful competitor.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

What was there in Haworth Parsonage, in the stretches of purple moorland beyond it, and the far-reaching sky overhead, to call up such visions as are here? It is for the most part a world of gloom and terror that is described. The cloud-rack sweeps across the heavens, and though the sun does break through at times, it is but with an occasional gleam. A few figures are grouped there, against the background of moor and sky. The attention is concentrated upon them. They look out at you with wild suspicious glances like startled animals. You are a stranger, an alien, and they draw together for the moment in a common dislike of what is unknown to them. Penetrate further into their lives, and you will find them compounded at once of passion and of apathy. Between themselves there is bitter enmity; to the outside world they are stolidly indifferent. They have no sympathies with their fellows, and they recognise no obligations towards them.

To read 'Wuthering Heights' is to company with savage creatures, not with men and women. They are only human in their speech, and their language makes you shudder. The book is brutal from beginning to end.

There is not a character in it for whom one feels even an ordinary kindness, or for whom one desires more than a cessation from trouble. Heathcliff, round whom the whole story revolves, would be most easily accounted for as a maniac, but not for a moment does the author allow us the benefit of such an explanation. We are compelled to fix our unwilling gaze on this man. We have to regard him as a reasonable being, to take him as Hindley and Earnshaw, and the others do, seriously, though all the while his passions are getting more and more beyond his own control, and his cruelty intensifies as he sees the sufferings of his victims. His love for Catherine, and his losing her, he would give as the causes of his desperate life, but the true cause is Heathcliff himself. Moody and jealous by nature, he is for ever reckoning up his revenge, paying off old scores of dislike and neglect. Catherine was as untamed as himself, and instead of being able to soothe him, she seemed but to goad him to madness. Had she been his wife, it is doubtful whether she would not have been more miserable than she was. There are two Catherines in the book, charming, spoilt, unhappy, both of them. Across the path of each comes Heathcliff like a curse, and only when he is gone is there peace.

Of the other characters in the book not one is free from this baleful influence. Hate and dread Heathcliff as they may, they catch the echo of his tones, and imitate in their lesser degree his inhumanity. It is as if they were so permeated with his spirit, that they are but reflections of his stronger nature. Even Lockwood, the tenant of the Grange, and a new-comer, is after the same type, and in the first page he strikes the chord of morose and sullen defiance, which sounds throughout the book.

The form in which the tale is cast may be said partly to account for this, and certainly the form is a mistake. The story is given as told to Mr. Lockwood by his housekeeper, who has spent her life in the service of the family of Wuthering Heights. She speaks therefore as an eye-witness of the events she describes. But the dramatic terseness of the language employed would have been impossible to such a narrator, and it is not likely that Mrs. Dean's gossip would have been so free from her own reflections, or so profuse in repeating her master's profanity. Lockwood naïvely remarks, "I don't think I could improve upon her style," and as Mrs. Dean speaks through Emily Brönte, we must acknowledge he is correct.

Had the story been written now, it is probable it would have been framed differently, and, after all, to find fault with its arrangement is like taking exception to the ornament of a weapon which strikes you to the earth. Criticise as we may, the power of the book is too much for us. We are lost in wonder at the imagination that called such characters into being; that held them unflinchingly to their destiny, yielding to no softening, admitting of no relief. There is no rest for all that fierce turmoil of life but in the grave. Nothing subdues but death. The pathos of the book is here; in the contrast between the strength of ungoverned passion, and the fleeting mortality that cannot stay, but passes like a spent storm-cloud, leaving the wide moorland stretching to the horizon, and overhead the all-embracing sky.

M. S.

We propose to offer a Prize of

TWO GUINEAS

for the best sketch of the character of Mr. Gladstone, written in the style of Macaulay, and of not more than 550 words in length. The opinions expressed will, of course, not affect the judgment pronounced on the MSS. Professional writers are not eligible as competitors. The usual regulations of the Young Author's Page must be adhered to, and, in addition, "Prize" must be written on the wrappers enclosing MSS., which should reach the editor not later than July 1st.

☞ *A prize of Half a Guinea will be given for the best News-note sent on or before June 20th. The competition is unrestricted, and competitors may send more than one paragraph. Any unsuccessful paragraphs printed in* THE BOOKMAN *will be paid for.*

A. A. F. F.—The lines are less harsh now, but the song is not that of sirens. They wouldn't say "But now at last thou'rt approaching our bay." It would be much better to omit the song, and substitute a description of its effects.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH.—The situation is good, though not original But the story is poorly worked out, and dull. There is no vigour about your characters. If you read the MS. over again you will find at least one huge grammatical blunder.

APEX.—Not bad. It is very, very sentimental, and the Major is an ideal young lady's hero. Perhaps a magazine for young ladies would take the story, which is rather well written. Try another kind of theme next time. This is a little sickly.

APRIL.—Fair description. Make your sentences shorter.

A POOR STUDENT.—Not very promising, but you have ample time yet for improvement. First mend your spelling, then omit all the long words that are not really wanted to express your meaning. Your conclusions are wild; but as they are the results of your experience you cannot alter them till you have lived and thought a little longer.

BUTTER PAPER.—The story is good enough, but the grim jocularity is not very well sustained. And there is a grammatical blunder in the last page.

J. BALFOUR.—Stories of family reconciliations through the agency of children have long been popular. Yours might be so, if the tone were less sickly. The daughter of a famous singer would hardly have sung such an imbecile song. A children's paper might take this if you could give it a less mawkish tone.

C. R. G. T.—For the training of your ear we advise you to revise your verse, crop off the extra syllables, and correct the faults of rhyme, such as "flows," "clothes," etc. There are a few good lines in it, especially on p. 6, but on the whole it is not promising. Does not the ludicrousness of "Nothing but an animalcule with the dignity of clothes" strike you? Of course, the theme you have chosen is always a touching one. You might make more of it in a prose romance.

CARBON.—A ferocious and impossible story. So far as the style is concerned, you might easily improve it by reducing the number of colloquialisms—see p. 6, for instance. But they are not living beings, your characters, and the story could hardly be made other than uselessly disagreeable.

CHATOWAIK.—The comparison in line 8 is not perfect. The "length" of a pine is its "height" too, and you wouldn't disdain the latter. The rhymes are very imperfect in stanza 2. Overhaul the verses; they have good qualities.

DAWN.—A very unsatisfactory story. Living would have been the only expiation—dying was none. And why, and of what did she die? The moral is weak, and the tale is improbable. But it is well enough written.

DEMOS.—Begins well. Not quite lively enough throughout for the kind of sketch. You are wrong in a detail or two—the "scarlet shirt," for instance—but these matter little. A few sparkling quotations from the speeches would have brightened it. This account is not at all unpromising.

E. A. S. W. G.—We can't judge of the faithfulness of the translation, but, on the whole, it reads well. We have marked one or two places where it might be improved. It is a sordid picture, but powerful.

ELSIE.—Very pretty. But you should substitute some other word for Thought. It does not make up the picture you suggest. And an alteration is wanted in lines 1 and 2 of stanza 4.

ETHELON.—It is not original. The idea has been often used before. But your article is amusing. Perhaps a "Bits" would take it. It is good enough.

IGDRASIL.—For what or whom were those papers intended? For reading at a drawing-room meeting? Paper I. is wild in its statements, and sweeping in its generalities. The others are better, but their information is of a kind so easily obtainable that the motive for writing is not evident. Your remarks on "Bally" and on "Seven" are a little silly. The style is ponderous throughout. A story is "incredible" not "incredulous."

J. S. R.—Considering your age very good indeed. But you must improve them. We don't see the meaning of line 4 in "Bells," and yet it sounds well. Is "shrine" the word you meant to use in line 10, apart from the rhyme? "Unrest" is very good, though the lines don't always join on. But this precocity of melancholy is a bad sign.

JUVENIX.—It is not an interesting study. In the first place it was a mistake to give the sermon, which could not have startled and made a sensation as you say it did. Then, parish gossip, unrelieved by humour, is hopelessly dull. Perhaps if you were to shorten it and brighten up the sermon, a parish magazine might take it, but this is doubtful.

LAURANCE JOYCE.—Such lines as "For He took from us a mother, and He gave not another," and "Lord grant us now a mission, Lord save us from perdition," are very disturbing in verse with such a theme as yours. "Foil" and "loyal" won't do for rhymes. You have an ear for rhythm all the same.

J. R. W.—I. Poor. II. and III. show an utter lack of any spontaneity. IV. Verse 1 contains a fine specimen of a mixed metaphor, which is repeated. "Crowning the sea with laurel" is not an apt figure. "Threnody" and "gaiety" don't rhyme.

JUVENIS.—There should be no repetition in a sonnet. There is a glaring triple one in No. 1. No. 2 is much better. No. 3 is difficult to follow. Why say "tenderful" for "tender"? The triolet is not successful. In the last you have been finely forestalled by "The music in my heart I bore, etc." But in any case you will own yours to be little better than doggrel.

LAST ROSE.—There is little that calls for remark in your verses. They are not good. Did you omit rhymes to save trouble, or is there a method in it?

M. V. G. H.—Are you quite sure that he meant to teach a moral lesson at all, at least directly? You have not made it clear that you have understood all the play, but only the simpler facts of it; but you have examined it in a very impartial spirit. It is not well written. You have been too much carried away with your purpose to care for that.

NORA.—Such verses are only painful. Genius alone sometimes justifies such themes being treated in verse.

P. Q. R.—There is a real feeling in the lines. They might be cast in a poetical form, but at present they are only the raw material of poetry. Do something further with them. You need not make them rhyme, but you must shape them, and in some cases give the meaning more precision.

PEARL.—The *duetto* is very pretty indeed.

QUAINTEST.—The most hopeful sign about the papers is their variety. There is nothing extraordinary in the writing for a boy of sixteen. It is too soon to judge of his fitness for journalism. He would seem to take most kindly to satire.

R. M. A.—A magazine of philanthropic tendencies might take the story. It is coventional, and we have read many things of the kind before, but the dialect is good, and the tale is told with some vigour.

H. SAUNDERS.—Admirably patriotic, but we should not advise you to write verse. There is nothing we can commend about what we have seen except the sentiments.

θ.—Very pretty indeed, and shows considerable skill. Certainly go on.

THISTLE.—Amiable, but a little vague. We should advise you to avoid parables and allegories if you want to learn to write. They encourage too much fine sounding and empty generalities.

VANBRUGH.—No. 1, good. "Some" is out of place in the first line. No. 2, last three lines faulty. No. 3, dull. The lines are pretty.

VERA.—The fault of your review is that you don't illustrate enough from the book your judgment of its parts.

VIOLETS.—Thou, you, ye, stand for the same person in your verse. Stick to one or another. No. 1, very commonplace. No 2, a pretty theme. But is "luscious" a word to be applied to tea? The lines are very irregular.

WIE?—There is a strangely incongruous suggestion in your first paragraph, and far too much slangy flippancy in the paper, which does not make it more amusing. At the same time we see evidence of careful reading, and the faults of style are mostly in the beginning.

WALLFLOWER WIT.—Your meaning is not obscure, but your complicated construction puts many difficulties in the way. None of the three are melodious, and yet they all have thought and sense in them. Simplify your form.

The MSS. of Anthony, E. R., E. H., W. Hogg, J. J., Pearl (2), Meg Merrilees, Y. Redlav, and Tenerorum Lusor Amorum will be noticed in the July number.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Allon, H.—The In-dwelling Christ, and Other Sermons, 7/6..Isbister
[*Dr. Allon's last volume.*]
Almond, H. H.—Sermons by a Lay Head Master .....Sonnenschein
[*School sermons by the head master of Loretto School. Wholesome in tone. The book also contains Discourses on the authorship of the 'Davidic Psalms.'*]
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Berrington, Rev. B. S.—Easter and Other Sermons, 2/- ....Stoneman
Blackwood, Sir A.—Te Deum Laudamus, Addresses on Important Truths Contained Therein, 2/6 .....Nisbet
Burnett, J.—Early Greek Philosophy, 10/6.....Black
Clare, A.—The Highway to Heaven, 2/-.....S.P.C.K.
Corbett, Rev. F. S. J.—Echoes from the Sanctuary, 2/6 .. Skeffington
D'Alviella, Count G.—Lectures on the Origin and Growth of the Conception of God, 10/6 .....Williams & Norgate
Dawson, W. J.—The Church of To-morrow, 3/6 .....J. Clarke
[*Sermons preached in America.*]
Delitzsch, F.—Biblical Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah, vol. 2. 7/6 .....Hodder and Stoughton
Gospel of the Kingdom, The, by the Minister of a Country Parish, 2/6 Thin
Gospel of the Future, The, by a Parish Priest. Preface by the Bishop of Coventry, 3/6 .....Griffith & Farran
Gregory, J. R.—The Theological Student, a Handbook, 2/6
[*An elementary treatise.*] Wes. Conf. Off.
Hammond, J.—Seal and Sacrament, a Guide to Confirmation, 2/6 S.P.C.K.
Hoult, P.—Dialogues on the Efficacy of Prayer.... Chapman and Hall
[*The affirmative and negative arguments are given from many points of view, and with considerable skill. There is no lack of fearlessness in the examination. The writer's declared object is to facilitate the reader in drawing impartial conclusions.*]
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Parker, J.—The People's Bible, vol. 16, Jer. xx.—Daniel, 8/-.. Hazell
Roberts, G.—The Marks of Christ's Body, 2/6 .....Griffiths & Farran
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Wise, T. A., arranged by—The Heavenly Path, Readings and Meditations, 4/- ..... Over
Wood, F. H.—Ten Minutes' Tales for Every Sunday, vol. 2, 2- S.P.C.K.

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